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J. B. Noble

# WAR PICTURES.

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## Experiences and Observations

OF A

CHAPLAIN IN THE U. S. ARMY,

IN THE

WAR OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

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BY REV. J. B. ROGERS,

Chaplain of the 14th Wis. Vols.

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"—The spacious earth  
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
So many objects to which love is due."

*Wordsworth.*

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CHICAGO:  
CHURCH & GOODMAN,  
51 LA SALLE STREET.

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## RECOMMENDATIONS.

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[From Hon. MARK SKINNER, President of the Chicago Sanitary Commission.]

CHICAGO, May 6th, 1863.

MESSRS. CHURCH & GOODMAN:

I have read the advance sheets of that portion of the Rev. Mr. Rogers' work, entitled "War Pictures," &c., which you kindly placed in my hands, and take pleasure in saying that the contents are both instructive and interesting. No chapter in the world's history will be read in the future with deeper interest, or be more thoughtfully studied, than the one which will contain the account of this strange and frantic rebellion. Every truthful contribution, therefore, whatever its literary merit, which goes to cast light upon the record of events and illustrate the progress of the movement, has intrinsic and permanent value. Army Chaplains have not hitherto figured as memorialists of war movements and battle scenes, and it is something of a novelty to look at such events from their stand-point. Mr. Rogers tells his story plainly and simply, and as the work of an observing, unambitious, loyal, Christian gentleman, thoroughly in earnest to discharge his whole duty, his book has an interest and value that cannot fail to be appreciated. As the frank testimony of an eye-witness, written down contemporaneously with the scenes and events recorded, it has a freshness and vivacity which is peculiar to works of its class. To those who were participants in the stirring and eventful scenes pictured so clearly on its pages, the book must be deeply interesting. The relatives and friends of the officers and soldiers, the rank and file of the army whose movements are here so graphically portrayed, will read the book with deep attention and emotion. Community at large will find it pleasant and instructive. As the pioneer in illustrated book publication in this city, I trust it may meet with success, and prove remunerative to author and publishers.



[From Rev. ROBERT BOYD, D. D.]

I have had the privilege of reading, while passing through the press, a book by Rev. J. B. ROGERS, entitled "War Pictures," &c. It is a work of thrilling interest, and will be read in many a home in the North-West with blinding tears at the remembrance of lost ones, and yet with a proud throbbing of the heart at the record of the unflinching bravery of those who are to return to more. Mr. Rogers was an eye-witness of most of the scenes he relates, and he possesses the happy faculty of making his reader feel as if he too were gazing upon them. The book proves, not only that he has strong powers for shrewd and intelligent observation, but also that he has a deeply pious and feeling heart. I hope that it may have a wide circulation, for it cannot fail to do good. No one can rise from its perusal, without feeling a deeper love to his country, a loftier admiration for our brave soldiers, and a stronger abhorrence of that system of human bondage, which has brought upon us this fearful war.

[From Rev. W. W. EVERTS, D. D.]

I concur in the foregoing views and estimate of the "War Pictures," and predict success to their publication.

[From Rev. W. W. HARSHA, Pastor South Pres. Church, Chicago.]

Mr. ROGERS' work embodies much valuable information upon such matters as fall properly under the eye of an army chaplain. The writer is evidently an intelligent, observing man, and knows how to describe what he sees with perspicuity and spirit. Military men may differ with him in his strictures on the conduct of the war, and conservative men may object to his views on the slavery question, but none can fail to glean much valuable information from his pages. The discriminating reader will judge both of his *facts* and his *theories*. If the latter do not always please, the former will certainly instruct.

The publishers will no doubt reap a golden harvest as the result of their enterprise in placing this work in the hands of the reading public, as it will unquestionably meet with an extensive sale.

## PREFACE.

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The War of the Southern Rebellion is destined to create a Literature of its own. Its history will be written by many hands, while its incidents and leading characteristics, above all the principles involved in it, will supply themes for discussion for a long time to come. The material for all reliable accounts of this great struggle must be furnished, in no small degree, by the testimony of eye-witnesses. In that view, I flatter myself that what I here offer to the public will have some value as contributions to the history hereafter to be written.

But I have another reason for asking attention to what I have to say. A chaplain looks at the events of military life from a point of view peculiar to himself. If he has less to do with the ordering of the line of battle, or guiding the course of the marching columns, he, oftener than any other man, sees the soldier in his true life, and is, oftener than any other, behind the scenes. What he has to say, therefore, has a claim just on this ground. It is not altogether of battles that thoughtful people wish to read, even

in the history of wars. Especially is this the case with those who read with some view to learn what war really is; above all, with such as have had, or still have, beloved ones in camp or garrison.

While feeling thus assured that what I have written will not be regarded as intruded on the reading public, I am persuaded, at the same time, that no more ample, or more impressive illustrations of the value of religion can be found than in the incidents that fall under an army chaplain's observation. I shall hope, therefore, in this publication, while performing a service in other directions, to give here a testimony which some may heed to the inestimable preciousness of that Gospel which brings "life and immortality to light."

It ought to be said, further, that the descriptions of battles in these pages do not aim at completeness, either in the details given, or as respects Western battles themselves. It was impossible to include all, and I have therefore chosen such as I had the best means of describing; hoping that my readers will be contented to "learn all from a few."

J. B. ROGERS.

CAIRO, ILL., APRIL, 1863.

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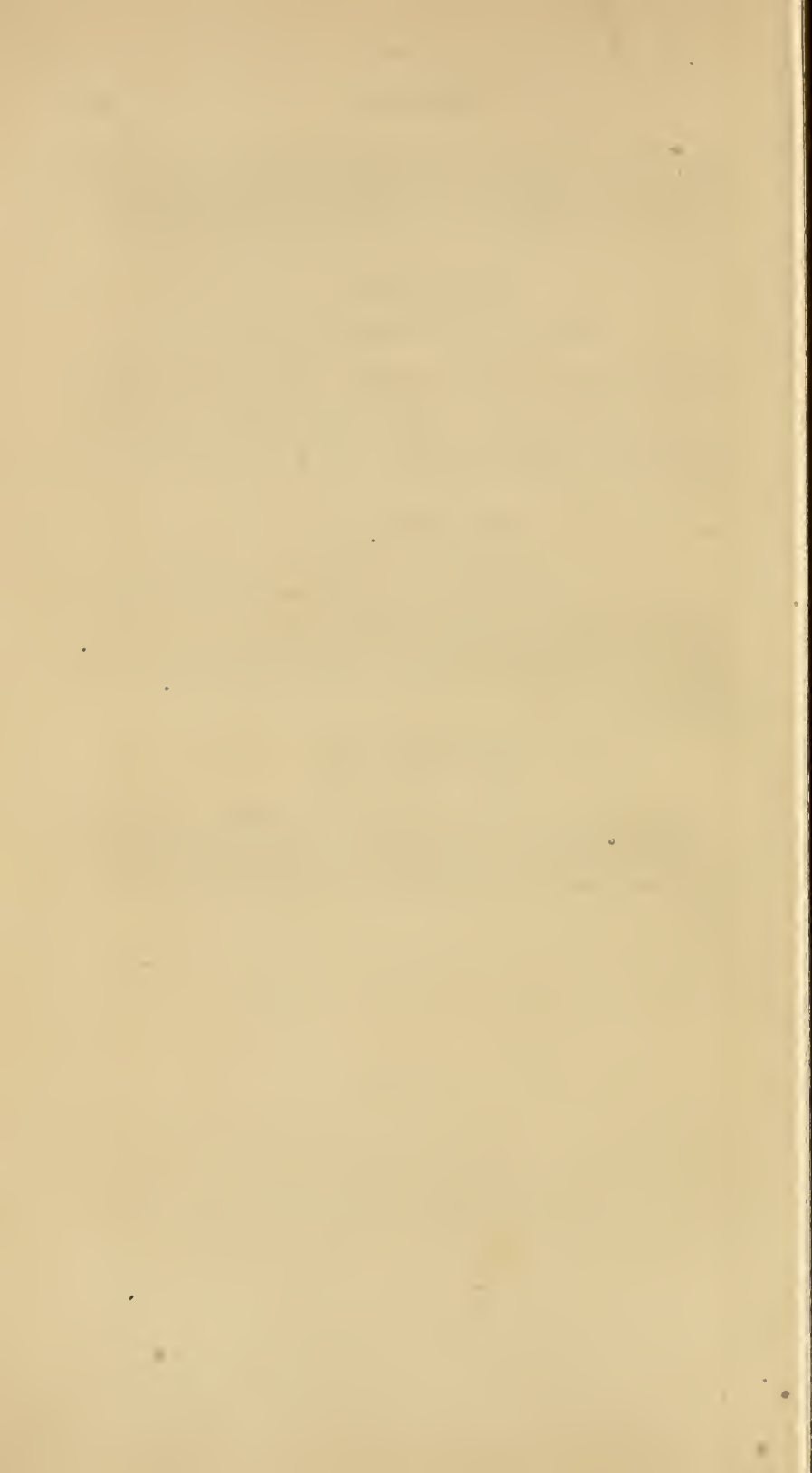
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## CHAPTER I.

### EN ROUTE.

Appointment Received — Leaving Home — Chicago — St. Louis —  
Preaching in the Hospitals — Journey to Savanna, Tenn. — Arrival  
at the Seat of War.

It was with the view of contributing somewhat to promote the spiritual welfare of the soldier that I was induced to accept the position of a chaplain in the army. The appointment had been kindly offered me by the excellent Colonel\* under whom I served until his death. This offer I appreciated the more highly, because it was unexpected. I proposed to raise a company toward making up the required quota; which accordingly I did. The company was enrolled as Company A in the regiment: the Fourteenth Wisconsin Volunteers.

My duties, I have found, brought me into very intimate relations with the men under my

\* Colonel D. E. Wood.

charge. They have had my warmest sympathy. Their welfare, spiritual and temporal, has been an object of deep solicitude to me. Nor have I been left, even amidst the discouragements necessarily incident to my position, without evidence of success in my efforts. Some precious fruits I have already seen: still greater I expect to see when the final harvests of the earth are gathered in. It has been my privilege to rejoice in the conversion of a few souls, some of whom are now in glory, and others on the way. I have witnessed many a soldier's death, and have had the privilege of imparting consolation to some on the eve of their departure to another and a better world.

What I have seen and experienced in the army has led me to believe that nowhere on earth can a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus enjoy greater usefulness than in the office and work of a chaplain, provided he has the hearty co-operation of the officers. I am sorry to say, however, that the faithful chaplains meet with too many rebuffs from officers who regard them as mere sinecurists. It is said that Napoleon "allowed no chaplains in his army, and disliked a religious soldier." Many generals and their

subordinates, now, maintain that the religion of a man has nothing to do with his soldierly qualities. This is very far from being true. The better the man, the better the soldier, other things being equal. Such men are not cowards in battle. They know that they are safe in Christ. Having committed their all to Him, they can lay themselves upon the altar of their country, prepared for either life or death. They go upon the field with the support of a noble inspiration, "conscientiously doing God's work and fighting God's battles."\*

On the 8th of March, 1862, the regiment left Fond du Lac for the seat of war. It was one of those occasions, so often repeated, east and west, during this momentous struggle, which cannot soon be forgotten by those who have been actors in them. The friends of officers and soldiers gather at the place of departure to take their final leave. Wives are here to bid adieu to those, dearer to them than all the world beside, upon whom they lean for support, to whom they look for protection and counsel. Who, than they,

\* I would advise any who have doubts on this point to read a little army work, written by Rev. W. W. PATTON, entitled "Religion in the Army." It is a very clear and impressive exhibition of the truth that piety in the soldier is a prime element of military efficiency.

ever lay more precious offerings upon the common altar? Mothers are here, to pronounce a mother's blessing upon the sons they have given to the service of their country. Sisters are here, to exchange the parting kiss with brothers, who, moved by patriotism, are to brave the dangers of the camp and the field. Neighbors are here, singing patriotic songs, and orators to cheer with their eloquence the hearts that may falter as the moment of keen trial draws on. At length the train moves amidst loud, vociferous shouts, with its living freight of husbands, fathers and sons, while friends stand gazing till sight and sound are alike lost in the distance. The question now and then offers itself to the more thoughtful of us, who of this number are to return again and greet these friends and enjoy once more the sweets of home? We are now to grapple with the stern realities of the soldier's life. War is to be with us no longer a fancy, but a fact, and every hour seems to make the ideal in our minds more and more a reality.

We soon lose sight of our old camp ground, where we had spent the winter, and of the beautiful city of Fond du Lac. During the first day there were, of course, but few things on the route

to interest us, as we had so often been over the road before. On reaching Chicago, we marched through the city with applauding crowds lining the streets through which we passed, to the depot of the Alton and Chicago railroad. Here the soldiers were supplied with rations for the night, while the commissioned officers accepted an invitation to refreshments at the Tremont House. Among the guests was Ex-Governor Alexander Randall, of Wisconsin, with whom we had a pleasant interview, and whose voice we once more heard in advocacy of that vigorous prosecution of the war which to all loyal men was then becoming a demonstrated necessity. No one of the Union Governors has shown a warmer love for the Union as it was, or labored with greater earnestness and fidelity to restore it, than Gov. Randall.

After thus strengthening the outer man with good food and the inner man with a renewal of zeal for the country's cause, we shook hands with friends, old and new, and resumed our route for St. Louis. An all-night ride prepared us for our morning meal which we took at Bloomington. It was Lord's Day morning, and we could not but ask ourselves, Is there a necessity for this Sunday



travel? Will God bless a nation that despises his Sabbaths, and so lightly esteems his revealed statutes? Impressed with these thoughts I sought the commanding officer. His reply was that the Sabbath was the only day of the seven when we could have the whole track. Of course, we were compelled to admit that there are necessities in time of war which cannot be controlled, and to which we must submit. Yet, if men would *only* labor as necessity requires, we could endure it. Instead of this, it would seem that officers many times plan work for the Sabbath which might as well be deferred. Thus, while a divine institution is disregarded, the men are denied the relaxation they need to recruit the energies exhausted by the toils of the march or the battle. If we as a nation expect the blessing of God to attend our arms and bless our armies, we must not insult him by trampling his Sabbaths under our feet; for "the Sabbath was made for man." In all circumstances, so far as possible, it should be quietly observed, even in times of war, and divine service held at which every soldier off duty should be strictly required to be present. This were an easy task, if officers felt their responsibility. I regret to say that this is not

always the case. Too many ungodly and unprincipled men are leaders in the army.

Monday morning early we arrive at St. Louis. But what changes do we see! When, a few years before, we visited the same city, we found it one of the most active and prosperous in the West. But its former glory had departed. Instead of the wonted pressing demand for dwellings and stores, the owners sought in vain for occupants, while the tradesman felt no ambition to attempt new enterprises, or enlarge his present stock. Merchandise of all kinds was of an inferior quality. Why all this? The city had sold herself to do wickedness, and confidence, hope, enterprise were sacrificed to the Moloch of Rebellion. There were, no doubt, many loyal hearts in St. Louis, numbers of true men whose labors and sacrifices in the cause of the Union had been great. May they be spared to see our glorious Union fully restored, and hand down the blessings our fathers fought to purchase to their own descendants!

Among the sick in the hospitals of St. Louis we found representatives of every State in the North-West. A large number of them had fought at Forts Donelson and Henry. They



were young men, who had entered the service hale and hearty; but fatigue and exposure had reduced some of them to bare skeletons, and left them to pine away with slow, lingering diseases. With them it was my pleasure to labor during our stay of two weeks, both in public and private endeavoring to hold up the lamp of life. Nor was this without effect. Moistened eyes and many kind expressions showed the interest with which these poor fellows received "the ingrafted word" of salvation. Some we found who loved the Savior. These seemed reconciled to their situation, willing to suffer all that had been appointed to them. A chaplain, if he does nothing but to encourage and aid this class in our army, performs a good service. For what Christian would wish to go into the army, expose himself to countless hardships, privations and dangers, and at last die, perhaps, without any man of God to speak to him words of Christian comfort? It is enough to die without the presence of mother, sister, or wife. In all the hospitals which I have visited, I have found more or less of pious men. The great majority of those who join the army, however, are irreligious, many of them wicked, ungodly creatures, who

have little or no desire that a minister should accompany them. Some of those who profess piety carry their religion with them, and in the face of all opposition stand up for God and the right. Yet comparatively few have the moral stamina to resist the evil influences of camp life. Even those who at home would be steadfast Christians are not only in great danger of becoming loose in their habits, but of being drawn entirely away. Infidels, and we all know there are quite enough of them in the army, let no opportunity slip to reproach Christianity, and seek opportunities to entrap or discourage the weak believer. The Christian who, in these circumstances, would remain constant to his profession and to the Lord who has bought him, must set his face like a flint against everything like sin, and resist even *the appearance* of evil. In these, as in the circumstances first alluded to, he needs and values the services of his chaplain.

After a few days' acquaintance with the dear men at the hospitals, who always welcomed us with so much pleasure on our repeated calls, we bade them adieu, leaving them to the care of the great and kind Shepherd of the sheep. We parted with them more reluctantly, as many of

them at that time were earnestly seeking the Savior. We often ask ourselves, "Did they find Him whom their souls so much desired? With them we shall never again meet on earth, but shall we meet them in glory, and see them wearing the victor's fadeless crown?" I should mention, in this connection, that many Christian brethren in the city gave great attention to the convalescent hospitals, holding nightly meetings for prayer and conference, providing and circulating books, &c.; while the benevolent ladies were going through the hospitals generally, with comforts for the sick. These I know will not go unblest, for the Master has declared, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me."

In our journey south of St. Louis, as this was my first visit to the Slave States, I was naturally disposed to make observations, while comparisons were inevitable. The impression first received has been constantly strengthened since, that the South is, in respect to enterprise, thrift and intelligence, generally much inferior to the North. The curse of the Almighty seems to rest upon the land of slavery, extending to all interests alike. The very soil itself seems cursed with barrenness, at least over wide districts, although

rich in its native condition. We noticed no farms which could be called well cultivated throughout our whole ride up the Tennessee River, excepting a few immediately around Paducah, where, perhaps, Northern men had settled. What is still more noticeable, if there were school-houses along the river, we did not see them. Never before in my life, even during my early travels in the wilds of the West, did I ride three hundred miles without seeing a school-house. Indeed, I have seen but two, altogether, in Tennessee: one in Savanna, the county seat of Hardin county, the other in Jackson. I have heard of another, which at present is used for the storage of cotton. I do not say there are no more, but I have not seen them: and I think I speak advisedly when I say there are not to exceed one hundred school-houses in the State. And what is still more lamentable, there are as few churches. If we are to judge of the intelligence and piety of the people by the number of their school-houses and churches, God deliver us from the country!

Our views on certain points have undergone a thorough change, since entering the South. While there may be general piety among the inhabitants, there certainly is much less intelli-



gence than we once supposed, aside from the more wealthy. The common people are little if any superior in this respect to the poor slaves they have oppressed. Thousands who came forward to take the oath of allegiance were unable to write their names. The towns and villages have but few features of interest to the traveler. The architecture of public buildings shows little taste, in fact is far behind the age. No town of the South, with the exception of the larger cities, can boast of regular side-walks: scattered fragments may now and then be seen, but nothing continuous.

We were not a little amazed at the way the people cultivate the soil. Almost invariably, they use but one horse in plowing, while the plow is little better than a spoon, skimming over the surface of the ground. Never did any poor exile long more for native land and its scenes, than did we to see again a country whose people and their customs were in keeping with the age. And yet, they are fighting for liberty! In fifty years, those who may be living in these Southern States will see reason to thank the North for having let daylight in upon them, and taught them the arts of civilized life.

After various incidents of travel, more or less interesting, which I do not stop to describe, we at length found ourselves tented in the vicinity of Savanna, Tenn. Here Gen. Grant at that time had his head-quarters. The town presented, in itself, very little of interest to the observer. It was laid out without any apparent aim to make it pleasant or attractive. The style and arrangement of the buildings, we noticed, differed greatly from those of the North; the chimneys almost invariably being on the outside, built against the end. The streets seemed never to have received much attention. Not a side-walk was to be seen. The Court House was certainly a novelty to a Northerner. It was evidently arranged with some degree of Southern taste, but its exterior and interior both looked as if built shortly after the revolutionary war. In this building I had the opportunity of preaching, not law, but the Gospel of Christ;—there, where treason had just been defiant, to preach to those who had come to drive treason from the land. The arrival of Union troops in the place had wrought a remarkable change in the sentiments of the people. Traitors had, previous to that, been abundant; but when our gunboats came up the river and

prepared to give them a little grape and canister, those of them who did not run away were quickly converted.

There were, at the time of our arrival, about six or seven hundred soldiers in the different hospitals, nine-tenths of whom were the heroes of Donelson and Henry whom exposure had prostrated. Poor fellows! they presented a pitiable appearance. Some were scarcely able to walk, while others were bed-ridden. A good deal of home-sickness prevailed, which no doubt aggravated disease, rendering it in many instances incurable. We could not but pity them, as we saw them pining for home and its associations. It is not surprising that they longed for the tender attentions they felt sure of there receiving, and, if they must die, to be laid, by the hands of those who loved them, in the family burial-place.

One very unpleasant thing to us was the constant appeals made to us to obtain furloughs for these poor sufferers, a thing beyond our power. The officers of the different regiments were in the field out of our reach. It was, besides, a rule that no furloughs should be given. We saw no sufficient reason for this. Why keep men to die in the hospitals, when there is little hope of their



recovery? Many of them, besides, if permitted to return home where they could have had tender and careful nursing, might have recovered, and so been saved to their country and their friends. I am aware that there were difficulties in the way of this; yet in many instances these might have been surmounted. Of those whom we saw numbers no doubt were soon past suffering, for very shortly the hospitals were crowded to their utmost by the wounded heroes of Shiloh. The original occupants were in consequence removed to quarters still less comfortable, where for the want of proper attention many must have died. None can imagine our feelings, as we witnessed the constant influx of wounded men, after the battle just alluded to, passing in to the number of over two thousand, carried on litters and laid, many of them, in the most undesirable places, in garrets and elsewhere. Few comforts were provided them, yet it was the best that could be done. Whoever has once witnessed such scenes will never wish to have them repeated, and would rejoice if the recollection of them might be blotted out forever. But it never can be. We shall think of them while thought and memory last.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The Battle—Visit to the Field—Scenes in the Amputating Room—  
The Havoc of War—A Mother Seeking her Son—Spring Rains—  
Hospitals—Burying the Dead.

To participate in a battle, or even to witness it, is a very different thing from reading of battles in history. The story of those fierce conflicts in which our fathers fought for liberty and won it we are accustomed to peruse with the mind mostly dwelling on the great issue at stake and the great deeds performed. We do not realize the bloody conflict itself, nor in any adequate degree comprehend the daring, the suffering, the noise of the battle, the "garments rolled in blood." All this will be changed, henceforth, to those who have had a share in the stern work of the present contest.

"Shiloh" belongs now to American history; a name as immortal as Bunker Hill or Monmouth.

In another part of the world the name is a symbol of peace and blessing, and the locality it indicates is made interesting to the traveler by the fact that there, once, the Ark of the Lord, and the Sanctuary, abode. In American history it is from this time the memorial of one of the sternest conflicts on record. Our children's children will read and speak of it with the same interest that we now feel in the battle-fields of the Revolution.

The battle began on Sunday morning, April 6th. No sooner had the sun arisen, and its blessed rays fallen on the earth, than the terrible thunder of artillery was heard by us at Savannah, in the direction of Pittsburgh Landing, ten miles farther up the river. We were for some time left entirely to conjecture as to the cause of the firing; the general impression being that it was only a brisk skirmish. We remained thus in suspense until noon, the cannonade continuing and growing more terrific. Intelligence then reached us that a severe and bloody battle was going on, and that large numbers of our brave men had fallen, some regiments being fairly decimated. Why our own regiment was not called immediately into action remains still a mystery. Dur-

ing the entire day we were waiting and hoping for the summons, the report constantly coming from the field, "We must have more men, or we are cut to pieces." Neither our regiment, nor any of the others at Savanna was ordered forward during the day.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I had the privilege of preaching to several hundred of the sick in the hospital; a general order having been issued by Dr. Davis, the Post Surgeon, that all the convalescents should attend. The order, judging from the number present, was generally obeyed. As the service went on, the moistened eyes and marked attention of all afforded evidence of their readiness to receive the truth. "These men," thought I, "are now in circumstances to be benefited, and as this wide door of usefulness is opened, let me improve it. May I not even expect that souls will be gathered as the result of even this one effort?" At the conclusion of the services, I visited numbers of the sick in different parts of the hospital. About four o'clock I returned to our camp, one mile distant. On arriving I found the regiment regularly drawn up in line of march. The men were eager for battle, and were full of spirit. Soon after they

proceeded to the river and took the boat for Pittsburgh, leaving myself, with a few others who were too unwell to accompany them, to take charge of the camp equipage.

What a night of anxiety, both to them and to us! They, after reaching Pittsburgh, remained through a drenching shower until morning, leaning on their arms, every moment expecting a renewal of hostilities. We who were left behind were all night guarding the camp. For the first time in my life I stood as sentinel, with gun in hand patrolling the encampment. The long and tedious night at length came to a close, and the morning light began to dawn. Shortly after, the booming of cannon was again heard, with more frequency, if possible, than on the previous day. The roar of the artillery exceeded anything we had ever imagined. Then we began to watch, with breathless anxiety, for reports from the field. At length, a boat was seen coming down the river, loaded with the wounded. I went on board, and found many who had been wounded on the day previous, but none of our boys were seen; they not having been long in action. Many others were there, who claimed our sympathy and help. Poor fellows! We did not

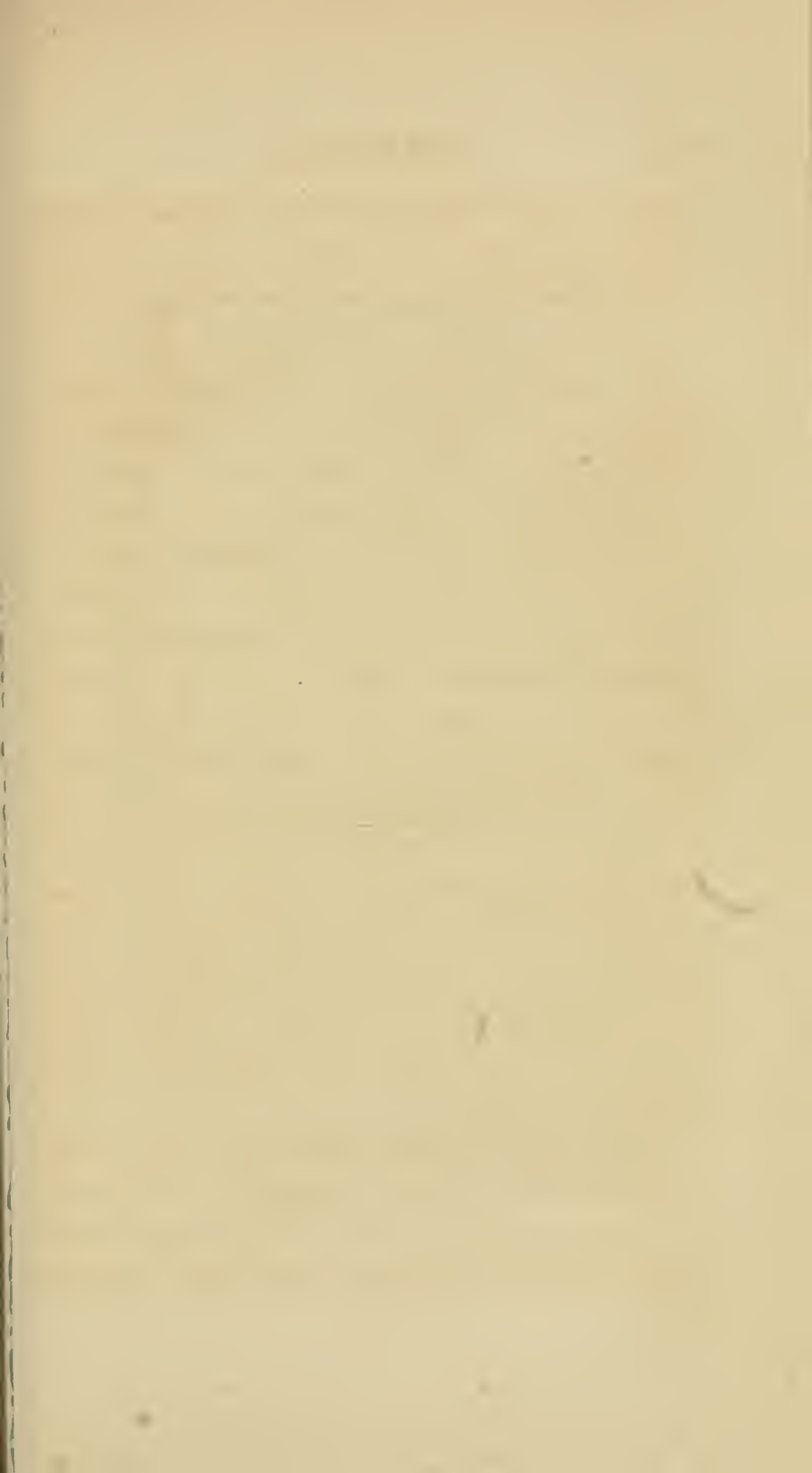


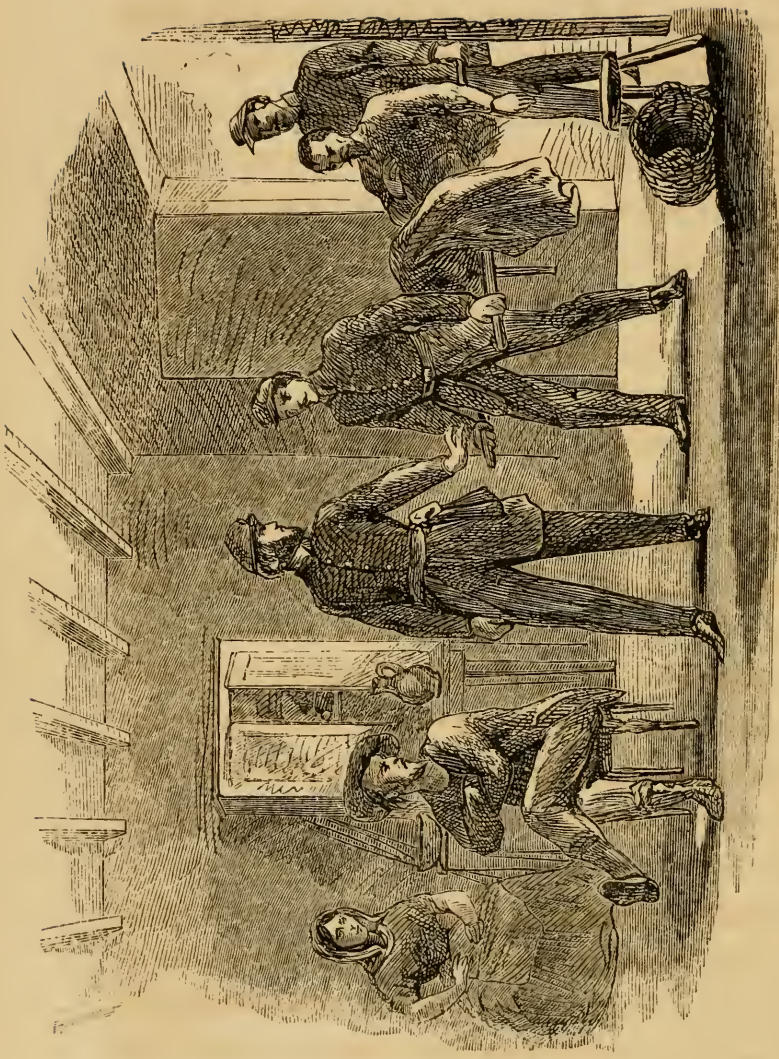
stop to inquire who they were. We knew they were at least Northern soldiers, some of them sons of our neighbors, and who had gone from our midst.

The scenes of that day I shall never forget. There lay hundreds of brave men, wounded in every imaginable form; some with one arm off, others with both, others injured in other parts of the body, all of them crying, "Water! Water!" One sight made a deep impression. An officer with whom I had a slight acquaintance was wounded in the face. He was so disfigured that I could not recognize him until he told me his name. I could not but weep like a child. Having assumed the responsibility, early in the morning, of providing places for the wounded, I immediately went to work, opening every house without exception. In no one instance was I made welcome. In some cases I received a favorable reply, but not in a manner to indicate any earnestness, as if it were a privilege to entertain those poor sufferers.

At one house where I called the occupant was reputed a Union man. I found him sitting in the centre of the room with his legs crossed, arms folded and hat on, looking more like a demon







ROUND CHAMPAGNE AGO

"BOYS, BRING HIM IN."

than any *man* I had ever before seen. I asked him kindly if he would open his house for the accommodation of some of our wounded. He immediately replied, "No!"

"Why?" I asked.

"My family are sick," was his answer.

"How many of your family?" I still inquired.

"My wife."

"Is this your wife?" I asked, pointing to a woman who sat near him.

"Yes."

"Then," said I, "you occupy this side of the house, and I will take the other." As I had a wounded man at the door, apparently in great suffering, I said, "Boys, bring him into this room."

He wished to know if I intended to drive him from his own house. I answered, "You infernals have brought the war upon us, and you will take care of our wounded, or we will take care of you."

Another circumstance I will relate. A Lieutenant from Ohio, having been badly wounded in the shoulder, and unable to ride in the ambulance, was being led by the hands of others. I saw him and said, "I know not where I shall put you, but

if you will follow me I will find you a place." I took him up the street about half a mile, and found a room in which was a feather bed. I put him into it, and the poor fellow wept for joy. A few weeks after I saw him. He at once recognized me. I hesitated, not being able at first to identify him. As soon as he spoke of the feather bed I knew him, and never in my life did I receive such a volley of thanks. The reward was ample.

Not having heard anything definite from the battle, especially in regard to my own regiment, on Tuesday morning early I took the first boat going up the river and set out for the field, anxious especially to know the result of the second day's fight. On reaching the place, the first sight that met me was that of a long row of dead bodies on the river bank, wrapped in their blankets preparatory to interment. Poor fellows! thought I, they have fallen under the scorching fire of the enemy with none to help them; and what must be the feelings of their friends far away when accounts of this battle shall reach them, what the dreadful suspense until the real facts are brought to light! The event of the battle will be the first question; the next, who



fell. Thousands of hearts will throb with painful anxiety to know the real condition of loved ones, engaged in that terrible conflict. Father, husband, son, brother—all were there; thousands on our side slain, and as many more wounded. Let us hope that the report is exaggerated. And yet, however favorable it may be made to appear, there will be enough to send wailing to more than twenty thousand souls. "What heart-strings are riven by the record of that dreadful battle! We weep at stage tragedies, but what are they to the reality of days like Sunday and Monday?"

We are compelled to ask, in contemplating such scenes, Why is all this? In what cause are these thousands slain? To what infernal deity are all these victims offered in Sabbath-day sacrifice? There can be but one truthful answer given. There has been one agent in urging on this conflict that stands back of every other, and which has supplied both motive and energy to the rebellion. Its evil life could be prolonged only by dooming to death thousands upon thousands like those who lay that morning stark and cold on the bank of the Tennessee. *Slavery*: that is the Moloch! On the altar of slavery

these thousands are offered like firstlings of the flock under the rites of heathen devotion. How many that week put on mourning for the slain at Pittsburgh Landing: Rachel weeping for her sons and refusing to be comforted; in many instances the first-born, the son of hope and consolation. It is a fearful ordeal for a nation. These are terrible tests of constancy to convictions of right. It must be that if they are bravely and triumphantly borne, we shall in the result, as a people, stand stronger than ever in the integrity of right principles and noble aims.

It becomes us also to recognize in these events the just judgment of God. The whole land has been more or less involved in the guilt of oppression. Government has shielded and perpetuated the wrong. Well might the Virginia statesman tremble for his country when he remembered that God is just. The long-suffering of the Almighty could not endure for ever. The cry of the sable sons of Africa reached his ear, however deaf to it our own may have been. And thus it is that the wrath and violence of our enemies have been instruments of punishment in his hand. *They* meant it for wicked purposes of their own. *He* meant it as a national chastisement, through



which might come first national humiliation, and then the fulfillment of the promise, good for nations as well as individuals, that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

After leaving the boat, which we accomplished with no little difficulty, the landing being so crowded with steamers, we commenced winding our way up the steep, rugged hill which borders on the river. It was not an easy or pleasant path; the crowding mule teams and the mud interposed many difficulties. At length we reached the top and proceeded to a double log-house which was used for a hospital. Here lay numbers of our dear wounded men. I thought I had seen frightful sights the day before, but those which I beheld in the old log hospital surpassed even that dismal procession of over two thousand suffering, pale, ghastly forms which were brought into Savanna. Those detained here were such as could not be removed until after amputations had been performed. Over these poor sufferers I wept until I had not a tear to shed. Among them I saw a young man of twenty summers, an officer as appeared by his shoulder-straps, lying on his back. I was attracted by his placid countenance; an expression more mild and heavenly

I never before saw on a human face. I inquired of the poor fellow where he was wounded. Another, standing near, lifted up the blanket and showed me that both his legs were gone, a little below the knee! Yet his countenance was if he were on the verge of heaven. I was called hastily away, very much to my regret. Of that young man I have often thought since, and shall ever be sorry that I had no opportunity for an interview. I believe he was a Christian, and had supporting grace in that dreadful hour. His face was like that of Moses when he came from the presence of God.

Those, only, who have seen numbers together for amputation can have any idea of the dreadful scenes we there witnessed. In the open space between the two houses was the table on which the subjects lay for amputation, while the apartments on either side were full of the wounded, waiting their turn. At one end of this open space, under the stairs, lay a pile of legs and arms which had been severed from the maimed and bleeding trunks. O, how gladly I would bury forever the recollection of those days! But I cannot. They now and then rush upon my memory in the hours of night, and chase away sleep with fearful visions.

One thing I cannot forbear to mention in this connection ; the apparent hard-heartedness of the surgeon. I do not know his name, nor would I wish to know it only that he might bear that public reproach which for his want of common humanity he deserves. Flavel once remarked, "If I am to fall into the surgeon's hands, let it be of one whose own bones have been broken, that he may know by experience the anguish." It was very evident that if the surgeon in question had ever possessed any of the finer feelings of a man he had lost them. Surely, if any one has an undoubted claim to sympathy it is the wounded soldier, wounded while in the defence of his country, and far away in an enemy's land. While we have in our army many excellent surgeons, we have also, I regret to say, many who ought not to be there. The army would be better off without them. I do not wish to be censorious, nor unnecessarily reveal in a public manner the faults of my fellow-officers, but in this instance I could not do justice to my convictions, if I failed to at least mention the brutality of this man. God save other wounded men from falling into his hands.

On leaving the amputating room, I found my

way to my own regiment, which was stationed at a short distance to the west of the hospital. When I saw them, and had the privilege of greeting them once more, "my eyes," as John Bunyan says, "were as the fish-pools of Heshbon." After exchanging salutations with officers and men I saddled a horse and rode over the vast battle field in search of our precious dead and wounded. It was while thus engaged that I gained some correct idea of the havoc of war. As we passed along, we saw the dead of the two armies scattered about in every direction, and so numerous that we could scarcely go out of sight of a dead body. At one point, where I was told my own regiment, the Fourteenth, had made a desperate charge upon the enemy, seventy-two were seen lying about like hail-stones. One, a rebel, lay upon his back with his arms uplifted, as if mutely appealing to heaven for mercy. I could hope that he had found it, were there more ground for such a hope.

The battle field was in many parts a forest. The trees showed how terrific had been the iron and leaden hail. They were torn and shattered as if heaven's own artillery had been let loose upon them. Many oaks, the growth perhaps of



centuries, twenty-four or twenty-five inches in diameter, were cut off near the ground, others twenty or more feet above; showing the different ranges of the artillery. Some were cut nearly off, others had been stripped of their branches. Almost every tree, throughout the entire forest, as far as the battle reached, showed more or less signs of disaster, and will retain the marks probably as long as the forest itself remains. How many unpleasant reminiscences must be connected with Pittsburgh Landing! Doubtless, too, it will be a place of pilgrimage, hereafter, for those whose beloved ones there lie buried.

An affecting instance of the sorrowful bereavements that war and battle occasion I have now in mind, connected with the scenes I have just been describing. A widowed lady came from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Pittsburgh, while we were still there, bringing with her a metallic case, to search for the body of an only son who had been buried somewhere on the field. He had fallen in the heat of the battle, and where and by whom buried she had failed to ascertain. Her broken voice and her quivering frame showed how her heart was set upon accomplishing her object. We gave her gladly the necessary assistance.

After ascertaining the regiment to which he belonged, the next thing was to find where it then was, and then learn who had buried the fallen soldier and where. These points having been settled we started in search of the spot. I rejoice that it was not in vain, for I fear that in that case the poor mother would have lost her reason.

It was touching to see her during our search; her anxiety and suffering were intense. At length we came to the lonely spot where young George lay. It seemed that his comrades sought out the most quiet and pleasant place they could find in which to lay his remains; no doubt presuming that in time enquiry would be made for his body. They had also placed a board at the head of his grave, with his own name inscribed, and that of his regiment. When the mother reached the spot, her agony can be better imagined than described. The features were, of course, somewhat marred, yet she recognized them. It was her own brave boy, whom she had expected to be the support of her age, and on whom she had learned to lean in fond reliance. She had his remains taken up and put into the metallic case, a treasure more pre-



cious than gold. With this she started homeward, while we invoked the blessing of God and the comforts of grace on her behalf. O, the love of mother! It is stronger, if possible, than all other loves put together, and lives while her faithful heart beats.

Our arrival in Tennessee was at an unfavorable season of the year. Had we gone South in the fall, we might have avoided much sickness. As it was, we were compelled to encounter the spring rains of that latitude, which, as experienced by us, were almost incessant. Numbers of our men, in consequence, were down with disease, which, in many instances, proved fatal. The chaplain, at such times, finds himself full of work. To comfort the desponding and home-sick, to give necessary aid to the nurses, to pray with the dying, and bury the dead, he finds will quite fill his hands and his heart. Even those army men who are disposed to undervalue the ordinary services of a chaplain may appreciate the importance of these. At all events, the chaplain himself can feel that such opportunities of usefulness could nowhere be surpassed. They are labors, too, involving great anxiety. Never did I toil as du-

ring those days of frequent burials, when we carried away two or three at a time; and never did I more deeply feel my need of Divine assistance. I believe that I was enabled to look to God in earnest faith; knowing the confidence reposed in me by parents, and the precious charge they had committed to me, my constant prayer was that I might never be left to betray that confidence.

At this point, perhaps, I may appropriately set down a few general facts with reference to hospitals, the treatment of the sick, and other matters in that connection. In describing one hospital, of course I should by no means describe all, as their special features change according to circumstances. In towns of considerable size, where there are public buildings, churches, school-houses, &c., these are used for hospital purposes, and so far as the buildings are concerned they are comfortable. At our first entrance into Savanna, all the sick were pleasantly housed in buildings which the Government had taken for the purpose, and, until the battle of Shiloh, there was abundance of room, notwithstanding there were six or seven hundred soldiers to provide for. When the

wounded were brought in, of course we had to take possession of all the private dwellings in the place, and when these were filled we pitched tents for hundreds who could not be otherwise accommodated. At Corinth the Seminary was used, and afforded room for several hundred. At Jackson, Tennessee, also, the Ladies' Seminary was taken for the same purpose. In sparsely settled districts, where we spent most of the summer, tents were used altogether, as dwellings could not be had. Tents of the larger size are generally put together two and two, when taken for hospital use, giving opportunity for ventilation. In the vicinity of these are other tents of different sizes. A general hospital of course requires a much larger number of such tents than a regimental one.

These buildings and tents are for the most part kept neat and clean, and are put in charge of reliable persons, adapted to the post. It could not be expected that beds of down should be furnished, even for the sick of the army. Yet we have what is in some sort equivalent—we have mattresses and cots, furnished by the Sanitary Commissions, and other friends. These render the sick soldiers comparatively

comfortable. Indeed, I seldom hear the men in hospitals speak of any suffering in this particular. Pillows and bed-clothing are also provided in considerable abundance.

The chief deficiency, as regards provision for the sick, is in respect to diet. A large army will very soon consume all that can be obtained from the country through which it passes. Fowls, therefore, so necessary in a hospital, cannot be had unless they are furnished from abroad. Rice, beef, soups and toast, together with dried fruits, wines and brandies, sent by the Sanitary Commissions, help to improve the bill of fare. On the whole, it is matter for surprise that the sick of the army are so well provided for as they are.

Some of our general hospitals are conducted on a larger scale, and require a good deal of executive talent in their proper management. There are times, of course, when the sick suffer greatly, as when necessity requires them to be suddenly removed. When our army left Iuka, for example, the sick were unsafe, and it was found necessary to remove them to Corinth and Jackson. The hurried manner in which they were transported quite overcame them, and as the result many died. During the battle of Cor-



inth, the sick were hurriedly taken from their quiet retreat, as the artillery was battering down the building in which they lay. The excitement and exposure were the means of death to numbers of them. These, of course, are always the concomitants of war.

Usually, the dead are buried just at sunset. Then, in the cool of the day, when silence begins to reign around and soldiers are most at leisure, we retire to some lonely spot to discharge this solemn duty. The ambulance is driven up near the hospital, and the coffin, commonly made of rough boards, is put in and so taken to the place selected for interment. Nothing is more impressive than to see such a funeral procession marching along, the band playing the "Dead March." To me it has always been most touching and solemn. I think of the friends at home; for somebody is always to mourn when the intelligence goes homeward. I do rejoice that in heaven there is a Heart-Healer who can truly comfort. When we arrive at the grave, the coffin is first lowered into the earth, after which we generally read some portion of Scripture, followed by remarks and prayer.

Sometimes these occasions have been very im-

pressive, and I hope profitable. Notwithstanding the hardness of some men's hearts, and the entire recklessness of soldiers generally, yet never have I seen more marked attention than at some of these funerals. Even teamsters, who for the most part seem lost to all hope of religious impression, will often listen as attentively as others. May we not hope that even some of these may yet be reached and saved? I have sometimes observed them stopping at the road-side as I have been preaching on the Sabbath, and listening until the close of the discourse. Poor fellows! Let us try to hope that the worst is on the exterior. Such is their manner of life, being constantly on the road, and sleeping in or under their wagons, having no refining or restraining influences about them, that they have learned to give loose reins to their passions, and miserably degrade their manhood.

The question may be asked, are all the dead buried in coffins? It cannot of course be supposed that coffins can be furnished for those slain in battle. There is neither time nor materials. At such times graves are dug in the form of trenches, and the dead are quietly wrapped in their blankets and then laid promiscuously down.



The circumstances are different where men die in hospitals. Provision for their burial may be made more according to what seems becoming. Yet war is in such respects, and in others, the direst of those necessities which know no law. Some of its most forbidding aspects are those which meet the eye only of such as personally take part in its dismal tragedies.

## CHAPTER III.

### INCIDENTS AT PITTSBURGH LANDING.

An Eye-Witness of the Battle—Burial of a Soldier's Wife—Burial of a Minister, a Private in the Ranks—The Nameless Dead—"Hardness"—Visit of Gov. Harvey—His sudden Death—His Religious Character—Commodore Foote—"Father Hill"—Burial of a Christian Captain—Happy Death of a Soldier—Death of Col. D. E. Wood.

THE subject of this chapter may be appropriately introduced by some particulars of the battle alluded to in the former, supplied by an eye-witness.\* "In the extreme advance of the Federal forces," he says, "about four miles from Pittsburgh Landing and in the direction of Corinth, were some of the latest levies. Many of them were a thousand miles from the field of Shiloh on the preceding Sunday. Some of them were not mustered into the service of the United States till they left St. Louis on a transport for the seat of war. On the first of that month of

\* Rev. James Delany, Chaplain of the 18th Wisconsin.

April, on the 6th of which the battle occurred, their names could not have been found on any of the army muster rolls.

“On Saturday, the fifth, two or three regiments, having but just arrived, were thrown into the van of the army. One raised in Wisconsin, and another from Michigan, were placed in a position peculiarly exposed. The Wisconsin regiment had not a transportation wagon, an ambulance, nor a single draught animal yet assigned to it. Its supplies of every kind were far from full. A sufficient number of tents were not pitched until nearly dark on Saturday evening. The meal of one and all on that occasion was scanty; but the repast of the following morning—the battle morning—was more meagre still. They had not a surgeon, not a surgical instrument, not a particle of medicine on the field, when the hail of the bloody tempest began to fall upon them. But poorly as they were prepared to receive what was thoroughly prepared for them, by the stealthy vigilance of the foe, others were in a still worse plight. Immediately on their left was a regiment which had not a single cartridge when full volleys were poured into them by masses of the rebels, who lay

skulking in the bushes not more than fifty rods distant.

“The battle storm, with the pealing long roll of many a drum, came down from Gen. Sherman’s division on the right, its fury increasing at every sweep of its progress towards the extreme left, when the sharp and startling command, “Fall into line of battle!” passed from lip to lip, and fell on every ear. And then were not men “hurrying to and fro and swiftly forming in the ranks of war”? Ah! there was bustle, confusion, consternation, trembling limbs, palpitating hearts. With many, cheeks grew pale and thoughts grew sober. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, children—Home! sweet Home! Was it surprising that so it should be with men taken thus unawares and unprepared? They were, besides, men utterly undisciplined, unenured as yet to a soldier’s life, to the privations, hardships and dangers of actual warfare. And yet, when the command, “Fall in, Boys!” flew from tent to tent, every man sprang to duty and danger. No real faltering was anywhere witnessed. Some might be seen masticating the hard cracker, some sipping from the canteen, others fixing Belgian bayonets, and others still arranging their ammunition.

“A chaplain was there, advising and encouraging as best he could. In the unexpected hurry of the hour some were nervous enough to fret and swear. A volley of awful oaths belched from the lips of an officer of high rank, and those were the last words ever heard from him by the person whose attention was particularly drawn to them. The next he saw of the swearer, his body was pale, stiff, lifeless, having received several deadly discharges. But there were some Christians, who in that hour of danger had an humble hope in atoning blood; and although they instinctively shrank from the painful scene before them they did not fear to die. They prayed; nor were others altogether prayerless, as appeared afterward.

“Wallets containing money, with special mementoes to dear friends at a distance, were placed in the chaplain’s care, who yet had no more reason to suppose himself invulnerable than any one else. His next business was to look after the wounded and bleeding, and help them to the Landing. As the conflict raged and advanced, the stream of mutilated human life toward the boats in the river became perfectly awful. Several boats were converted into floating hospitals



and completely crowded before night. The number of surgeons was comparatively small. No detailed parties attended to the wounded and the dying, except in rare instances; and consequently poor sufferers were left to endure fearful misery on the field and elsewhere, for want of proper and timely surgical attention."

It is not within the contemplated scope of this work to give detailed and minute accounts of this or other battles. We attempt only the outlines. Nor should it be regarded as "speaking evil of dignities" where mention is made of official dereliction or neglect. Much that we have occasion to record of lack of suitable provision, or needful attention, or military forethought, may have been unavoidable. In a nation "learning war," especially, such "offences must come."

We remained in camp at Pittsburgh Landing until July 31st. In the meantime various incidents occurred which may interest the reader. About the last of June, a soldier came from a Division Hospital, six miles away, bringing with him the remains of his wife to be interred with our dead. Having a brother in our regiment, she expressed a desire to be buried near our camp ground. Two of our regiment had also recently

died, and the three graves were prepared, side by side. She had come into the army to comfort and help her husband in his dangers and arduous duties. He having soon after been detailed for service in the hospital, she was also employed as a nurse. In this vocation she labored, night and day, with untiring assiduity, till at length she was herself seized with the fever and gradually sank under it. The burial of a woman in camp was a novel scene, and must in any circumstances be a very rare occurrence. When sick, they are not like the men compelled to wait for furloughs before they can leave for home where proper attention may be had.

One day, while sitting in my tent door, looking in the direction of our burying-ground, I saw a dead man carried from the boat for interment. I went out, according to my habit, to offer prayer at the grave. I tried in vain to ascertain either his name, the place of his residence, or the regiment to which he belonged. After some remarks and prayer we proceeded to fill the grave, when a chaplain, accompanied by an officer, came up, from whom we learned that he was a member of the 12th Michigan, a good man, and a local preacher in the Methodist connection. He had

entered the service of his country as a private in the ranks. We received from the chaplain many warm thanks for our respect and attention to his dead.

It was my lot to attend the burial of many whose names were unknown. A soldier, for example, is carried to a boat, and his descriptive roll not being sent, in the event of his death it is impossible to tell his name, or where he belongs, especially if the surgeons are derelict in their duty to find out the names and belongings of their patients. In such cases, we wrap the dead in their blankets and bury them. Why without coffins? Because, there are none at hand, and none to make them. Each regiment has enough to do in burying its own dead. In a case of this kind they only have time to dig a grave, which they are ready to do; even this being, in some circumstances, especially where deaths are frequent and military duty pressing, no light tax. Our regiment being located during the summer at Pittsburg Landing, we had both fatigue and guard duty to perform. Every day there would be at the landing fifteen or twenty boats, loaded with commissary stores, forage, ammunition, heavy ord-

nance, &c. These boats were to be unloaded, and the stores guarded at night. This labor our men performed, when there was scarcely a well person amongst them. Now, when to this is added the duty of burying all the dead brought there, it is plain the service was no light one.

Indeed, in any circumstances, the soldier's life cannot be an easy one. His work is not only various, but arduous. It is not only to bear arms, to stand sentinel at night, but it is often to unload boats, dig wells, throw up breast-works, repair railroads, clear away the forest and build bridges. Ease is no part of his experience. Rest is out of the question. “Hardness” is the lot of his daily life. He would prove but a bad soldier who, at the time of his enlistment, should make it a condition that he must sleep on a bed of down, be well fed and clothed, and never exposed to peril or required to move on forced marches. He must make up his mind to brave many a formidable thing beside the deadly missile of his enemy.

On the 16th of April, ten days after the great battle, we were happily surprised by a visit from Gov. Harvey, with a delegation of gentlemen from our State. They had come to ascer-

tain the condition of the Wisconsin regiments, full reports of the battle and of our losses not having as yet appeared. Never were friends made more welcome. Among them were several surgeons who had volunteered their services in the emergency: one of them an old and intimate friend of my own, Dr. Clark, of Racine, whose face it was pleasant to greet. We accompanied these friends over the field, the Governor often expressing his astonishment at the dreadful power of our artillery in hewing down the immense forest trees. He took the dimensions of several solid oaks which were cut down and shivered as if by the lightning's stroke, remarking that he could scarcely believe what he then saw.

Our visitors remained with us for some days, encouraging the men and complimenting them for their good behavior in presence of the foe. Gen. Halleck presented the Governor with a rifled cannon, belonging to a battery captured by the Fourteenth Wisconsin, at the same time expressing his thanks for sending into the field such efficient troops. These compliments did the men much good. It was encouragement which they needed. Several regiments had been



dreadfully decimated during the fight; some which but the week previous were full to their maximum number now only counted up a few hundred. Many of these were sick with fevers, and all in a degree depressed. No man knew better how to inspirit them than Governor Harvey, and his addresses were received with hearty applause, and with loud cheers for the Governor of the State.

How little did any of us dream, when, on the twentieth, these friends left us with parting words full of cheer, that disaster and grief were so close at hand! The Governor felt, as he had reason to feel, that important purposes had been accomplished by his visit. How little he thought, as he turned his face cheerfully homeward, that there was but a step between him and death! In the afternoon he left us, taking the steamer for home. On arriving at Savanna, wishing to pass from this boat to another, which seemed to be lying close at hand, he fell into the river, was carried by the current under the boat and drowned. In the darkness the distance had seemed less than it was, and the reflection of the lights on board had aided the deception. Efforts were made to save him but in vain.

Some time had elapsed before even his body could be found.

Gov. Harvey was, while "clear in his great office" as Chief Magistrate of the State of Wisconsin, a man of strict religious principle. The writer well remembers a circumstance which it gives him much pleasure to recall. A few days previous to our regiment leaving the State the Governor visited the camp for the purpose of addressing the men. In a conversation with the writer, in the presence of many gentlemen know to be of irreligious habits, he spoke very freely, without the least apparent wish to conceal his views on this subject, of the nature of a chaplain's service, showing its importance, that it was his work to rebuke sin and exalt the Cross of Christ. I never felt more happy in my life than when listening to his remarks, so earnest, so entirely without reserve.

One other circumstance illustrates the same point. It was related to me by one of the party who accompanied him on the boat up the Tennessee. A meeting was held on the boat for prayer and conference. In this the Governor participated, making some interesting and forcible remarks touching the value of practical Christianity. It

was said that he talked like one truly in earnest.

The Wisconsin soldiers all felt that each had personally lost a good friend in Governor Harvey, and the State one of its best executive men. At such a time it was a loss indeed to lose such a man. It came as a rod of severe chastening and summoned the state and the nation to humble acknowledgment of God. And how many such chastenings have visited us since this war began ! How many of the brave and good have fallen ! It is but due to Gov. Harvey's successor, Gov. Salomon, to say that he has fully met the expectations of his friends, and has filled the vacant place with great honor to himself and great advantage to the State; proving himself to be a good executive officer, and impartial in the exercise of his gubernatorial functions.

The monotony of camp life is fearful ; and yet it has its alleviations. The soldiers find means to dissipate what they call "the blues," sometimes by sports comparatively innocent, sometimes by those not so. Men, too, have different ideas of what constitutes happiness, so that one can glean where another sees only barrenness. When, however, they who love the Savior and the souls of men have opportunity to meet and converse,

they find that there is at least one source of enjoyment that is in all circumstances available. A chaplain sees many dreary hours. His work is very much amidst the sadder scenes of army life; his associations are necessarily limited, and means of recreation few. He learns accordingly to value the society of men of like spirit, and partakes with them in self-denying service. In such circumstances differences of denomination seem of very small account. The writer cherishes with great pleasure the recollection of associations like these formed in the army. With one brother in particular an interview was enjoyed while at Pittsburgh Landing which was not only cheering in itself, but is remembered also on account of the following incident related by the visitor:

Previous to the capture of Island No. 10, Commodore Foote called a council of war on his boat, to which he submitted a plan for taking the island. A part of the plan was to send down a gunboat, with a barge lashed to its side loaded with bales of hay, as a protection in passing the batteries. The plan was approved; but who shall go? After some moments of profound silence the Commodore said, "I will go." To

this the officers present would not consent, and at length one of the captains volunteered. It was deemed a hazardous service, and success by no means certain. Proper arrangements having been made, Commodore Foote commended the brave captain and his men to God in earnest prayer. The boat steamed safely down the river past the island, sustaining no material damage from the guns of the enemy, and when her own signal gun was heard far below, giving notice of her safety, a shout of joy went up from the fleet.

The story of this achievement was made public of course, at the time, as part of the current history of the war; and its object was well known—to establish communication between the fleet above and the army below. To believers in the efficacy of prayer, however, the significant part of the whole transaction will seem not what was then published, but what was not. That a praying commander, whether at the head of an army or on the deck of a war-ship, should be a successful one is no new thing in history. “The sword of *the Lord* and of Gideon” represents an alliance in which defeat is impossible. Would to God we had more such men of prayer and faith as Commodore Foote.



“Father Hill is sick!” Such was the rumor through the regiment one day; and it proved only too true. But who is Father Hill? A private in Company K. Is it anything so wonderful that a soldier is sick? Ah! but Father Hill is no ordinary man. Many a gentleman in shoulder-straps might well afford to take off his hat to him; for it is not always the case that the men most worthy, or those at home most highly esteemed, are the men in command.

Father Hill was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, a minister by profession and possessed of approved talent as a public speaker. When the rebellion broke out, he committed himself at once and fully upon the side of Union, and did much by his public addresses to forward the work of enlistment. Finally he enlisted himself; stepped into the ranks as a private, and till his death served faithfully. He was greatly loved and respected in the regiment, as he had always been in the places of his abode and of his ministerial labor. Many times have I heard wicked men speak of him with emphatic acknowledgement of his sincerity and fidelity. Numerous offers of promotion were made him, but he declined them all, until shortly before his

death. He then consented to accept a captaincy tendered him by the Governor, with the ready acquiescence of our Colonel. His commission not having been received, however, he was still a private when he died.

The following is related of him. Being detailed during the battle of Shiloh to assist in carrying off the wounded from the field, and drive cowards back to their work, he came across a wounded rebel who asked him for water. The good Samaritan supplied him with water from his own canteen. The wounded man then asked him to bind up his wound. He looked at it, told him he could do nothing for him, as the main artery appeared to be severed. He was then bleeding profusely. The wretch began to curse and swear, using the worst epithets he could command in denouncing “the Yankees,” and actually seized his gun to kill the man who had just given him drink from his own scanty supply. Father Hill’s fighting, like all else that he did, was earnest work. He was a man of determined will and unconquerable resolution. I shall never forget the pleasant seasons we spent together. Although connected with different Christian denominations, yet we were none the

less good friends. It was not my privilege to be with him in his last hours. He left me on the boat for the General Hospital, where he hoped to find the means of recovery, and soon return to us. But it was otherwise ordained. After a few weeks of illness he went home to the presence of his Lord. May God bless his bereaved wife and only surviving daughter with divine consolations.

Among those who fall on the field, or die in camp, are found the same varieties of religious condition as everywhere else. Occasionally it is our privilege to know that the departing spirit is prepared for the great change: in others we witness only despair, or stupor. While sitting in the door of my tent one day, looking out upon the thousands who crowded the great thoroughfare from the Landing to our lines near Corinth, I saw a company of soldiers engaged, apparently, in digging a grave. I went out and learned that they had brought for interment the body of a captain who had died in camp. From one who came with the body, and was with him when he died, I learned the cheering fact that his last hours had been peaceful and happy. When aware that he was near his end he requested

those about him to sing, and himself tried to join. After the singing, he said, "Tell my wife that I died a happy man, and am going to be with Jesus." O, what a message to send to a wife! How different this from the exclamation I have heard from many others, "I am about to go into the dark. All looks dark — dark!"

One young man said, "I cannot die without Jesus." "O," said he to the nurse, "don't let me die, will you, till I have found Jesus?" What an unfortunate moment at which to be first roused to feel the worth and the peril of the soul! Why will men not attend to this great interest in health, when mind and body are in condition for it, and something more is possible than the hurried grasp of desperation at the last hope and the last opportunity? But not all are awakened, even on the dying bed.

This captain, above mentioned, had sought Christ, it may be, in his early days, and had enjoyed the sweet experiences of divine love in his soul. When death came to him, though amidst the tumult and confusion of a soldier's life, he could die calmly: his only remaining work of preparation to send that message to the absent loved one.

One more incident of this kind I must relate. I cherish it as among the most signal examples I have ever known of a soul in converse with heaven and "ready to depart." A young man, known principally for his retiring, modest ways, about twenty years of age, was seized with the fever that prevailed in camp. He was a member of the Fourteenth Wisconsin. His illness was prolonged, and death came only after a gradual wasting away. The winter previous, while we were in camp in Wisconsin, he gave his heart to God. His Christian evidence was, however, at first somewhat weak. The fear of death was taken away, and a great relish for the Word of God and for Christian communion imparted. Yet his experience had seemed to him defective, because his sorrow for sin had not been such as he anticipated, and he feared to believe that he was a child of God.

I saw him many times a day during his illness, and had thus a good opportunity to judge of his true state of mind. At one of my calls upon him he wished to know my opinion with regard to his prospect of recovery. I frankly told him that I considered it extremely doubtful. To my great surprise, he was as happy as an angel. I



found that he had prepared his mind for such intelligence, and had already learned to cast all on the Savior. He immediately set about arranging his worldly concerns, distributing what little effects he had, exclaiming, when this was done, "I am ready now." He then wished me to sing a familiar hymn of mine :

"Come sing to me of heaven,  
When I am about to die;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy  
To waft my soul on high.  
There'll be no sorrow there;  
There'll be no sorrow there;  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there.

"When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble brow,  
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,  
Let Heaven begin below.  
There'll be, &c.

"Then to my raptured ear  
Let one sweet song be given;  
Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.  
There'll be, &c.

"When round my senseless clay  
Assemble those I love,  
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.  
There'll be," &c.

After prayer he exclaimed, "Now, after I rest, I want you should sing another."

I said to him that as he was weak we would wait until morning.

"We will have it now," he said, "and in the morning too."

In this state of mind I found him as often as I called. One night he sent for me, and as I approached he said,

"Chaplain, I am going home to-night, and I wished to see you and hear you pray once more."

I told him I did not think he would leave us that night.

"Well," said he, "I've got another visit from you, at any rate."

The following Sabbath, about four o'clock, he received his discharge from earth. I was with him as the breath left his body. But a minute before I asked him if he was happy. I heard no voice, but a smile played pleasantly upon his cheek that seemed to say, "All is well." He extended his hand. I took it, and in a moment he was gone—yes, gone to Jesus. O, Lord, prepare the reader for that world where no sin is found!

His captain and many others came in to see

him during the last days of his illness, and on leaving expressed themselves astonished that a dying man could be so happy. It is an easy thing to die, after all, if Jesus be with us; if we know that for us to be "absent from the body" is to be "present with the Lord."

Among the wounded of the Southern army at Pittsburgh Landing was a youth from Central Alabama. Both of his legs were badly fractured just below the knee. As one of our soldiers came to him he called for water and was supplied. He then said, "This is my mother's fault. I did not want to fight against the Union, but she called me a coward and forced me to enlist."

He gave the soldier a ring and requested him to send it to his mother, with the message that he had died like a soldier, but regretted that he had taken up arms against his country. It was doubtless one instance, out of a multitude, of men and lads forced into a connection with the rebel army by some kind of compulsion. Yet how strange that a mother could be found who could thus arm her son against his country and send him to a traitor's death! Delusion and passion—ignorance, prejudice and blind hate—what a reign have these evil spirits had in the

South, and what miseries have been the consequence!

One more sad record must be made before I close this chapter. Shortly after the battle of Shiloh our brave Colonel was laid aside from all official duty by illness. He had just been appointed, by Gen. Halleck, Provost Marshal and Commandant of the Post at the Landing; a position both of honor and responsibility. After a few days illness, his friends advised him to leave for the North, hoping that a change of climate and good nursing would restore him. He left for home on the 10th of May, all hoping to see him again in due time. But the disease had fully fastened itself upon his system and had become unmanageable. After weeks of suffering he died on the 18th of June.

When the sad intelligence reached us, there was mourning throughout the regiment. Never was an officer more respected, more sincerely loved by his men. Often have we heard the remark, "Your Colonel is a gentleman!" He had, besides, a ripe, fruitful mind, of clear and sound judgment and resolute will. He took his position with deliberation and stood there like a pyramid. In former years he filled with high

acceptance the office of Judge in our Circuit Court. His death was to the regiment a loss that seemed irreparable. Having been with it from the first organization, its first instructor in military duty, and its leader in the first of its battles, himself standing all that day in the hottest of the fire with the same coolness of manner as if on ordinary parade—all these things had made the attachment of his men like “hooks of steel.” All day, on that terrible Monday, the regiment had fought with a determination wonderful in troops so entirely raw, making the most desperate charges upon the enemy; yet strange to say with comparatively but few killed and wounded. For the honor it won on that day, and its safety as compared with some others, the regiment felt indebted, beyond every other human agency, to the skill and bravery of its leader.

Col. Wood was not a practical Christian. He had, however, a respect for Christianity and for Christians. His character in all other respects was that of a strictly moral man, and a high-toned gentleman. His uprightness and honesty of purpose, and sterling manhood, may be commended to imitation. Yet the one perfect man is “the Man Christ Jesus.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### ARMY RELIGION AND ARMY MORALS.

Can a Soldier be a Christian?—A Case in Point—Piety in Camp—Influence of Chaplains—Good Books—Character of Services in Camp and in Hospitals—Benevolent Ladies—Mrs. Byckerdyke, Mrs. Plumber, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, Mrs. Webb.

Is it unreasonable to suppose that a soldier may be a Christian as well as the man whose happier lot is the more quiet and peaceful life? The army offers powerful temptations to vice and all kinds of immorality;—that is true. Yet, while such is the case, and many are overcome and make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience and return home demoralized, what is the true reason for such a sad result? Is Christ necessarily any less near or precious to a Christian in camp than elsewhere? Is grace any less powerful? Is not religion just as good and just as effectual; is not heaven just as near to the Christian soldier as to any other man?

The principle is, I think, on all hands conceded that war, at times, is an imperative necessity. When certain soldiers inquired of John the Baptist, "What shall we do?" his answer was, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." The common argument founded on this for the lawfulness of the military profession seems unanswerable.

It is true that war is contrary to the mild spirit of Christianity, and that there must be guilt on account of it at least on one side. But there are various professions for which there would be no use were it not for human depravity and injustice. In a perfect world there would be no use for magistrates, or for civil or criminal law and its ministers. Though it may be a difficult point to settle when war becomes a necessity in a nation, yet its justice and necessity in some instances are beyond dispute; and therefore the employment of the soldier must, generally speaking, be a lawful one.

If John had not viewed the matter thus, would that inspired teacher, when soldiers under concern about salvation and their own duty came to him with such an inquiry as that above quoted,

have answered them as he did? Would he not have exhorted them to abandon a profession at once wrong and perilous to the soul? But, as we have seen, he gave them no such instruction. "Do violence to no man"—do not oppress any one; avoid unlawful pillage and unnecessary shedding of blood;—"neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." Be conscientious, faithful, obedient and merciful. The Scriptures present to us, besides, a soldier of undoubted piety, whose eulogy is thus beautifully set down; "Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian Band, a devout man who feared God with all his house, and gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." This is not only a charming picture of an honest, faithful and pious soldier; but it illustrates the fact that even then military life was not necessarily inconsistent with religious principle and with true piety. There have been many such men in more modern times;—a Gardiner, a Havelock, a Hedley Vicars.

One example, at least, the annals of this war record. In the *Detroit Free Press* appeared, soon after the second battle of Bull Run, a letter dictated by a dying Christian soldier, Col. Broad-

dus, of Michigan, to his wife. It doubtless affords one instance of many that belong to the history of the war. The letter is as follows:

“MY DEAREST WIFE: I write to you, mortally wounded, from the battle field. We are again defeated, and ere this reaches you your children will be fatherless. Before I die, let me implore that in some way it be stated that Gen. ——— has been outwitted, and that ——— is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had they led as I led, the dear old flag would have waved in triumph.

“I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and to-day I sink to the green couch of our final rest. I have fought well, my darlings, and I was shot in the endeavor to rally our broken battallions. I could have escaped, but I would not till all hope was gone, and I was shot—about the only one of our forces left on the field. Our cause is just and our Generals, not the enemy, have defeated us. In God’s good time He will give us victory.

“And now, good-bye, wife and children. Bring them up in the fear of God and love for the Savior. But for you, and the dear ones dependent, I should die happy. I know the blow will fall

with crushing weight on you. Trust in Him who gave manna in the wilderness.

“Dr. Nash is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most of the night in sending messages to you. Two bullets have gone through my chest, and directly through the lungs. I suffer but little now; but at first the pain was acute. I have now the soldier’s name, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldier’s fate. I hope that from heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided Union I have loved so well.

“Farewell, wife, and babes, and friends. We shall meet again.”

How sweet is such a testimony, coming from a dying soldier, who, having lived the life of a Christian, was enabled to shout the triumphs of victory in his fall! The writer’s experience and observation lead him to the conclusion that notwithstanding the errors and faults of all, there are some who do really love Christ, in the army. Some of the most interesting meetings for prayer I have ever attended were in the camp. There are some in all regiments who are devotedly pious, and have a passion for souls. With many of this class it was my pleasure to be associated,



while serving as chaplain. Some of them were of denominations different from my own; yet they were Christ's true followers and loved his image. I am happy to say that this union of Christians on the platform of their common faith is no unusual thing in the army. They come together in the fullness of Christian sympathy, and commune in spirit much, I hope, as we shall in the Father's house above. It were well if all Christians had more of this mutual love; not limiting themselves by the bounds of their own church associations, but esteeming all who are Christ's as their brethren. If we truly have the spirit of Christ, so it will be with us.

I must be permitted, also, to insist that the services of chaplains avail more than many think to promote religion and morals in the army. There is a restraining influence in the very presence of a minister of Christ, while words of warning and counsel are not often thrown away when judiciously spoken. Very many times have soldiers apologized to me for the use of profane language when in my presence. The lack of that peculiar restraint which female society exerts is very much felt in the camp. A minister's influence in some measure supplies it.

The officers of a certain regiment remarked to their chaplain, on his return from home where he had spent a few days, "The men have become very profane in your absence." The truth of the remark was made evident by the fact that he heard more profanity in one day, after returning, than in any week before he left. No minister, worthy of the name, can fail to exert this kind of influence. He may not be so conscious of it at the time, but the evidence will in due time appear. Indeed, that man must be very much hardened in sin, who does not feel himself under some restraints in the presence of a pious preacher of the Gospel.

While we lay at Pittsburgh Landing considerable hospital service was required of the chaplains. These hospitals were necessarily numerous, both those connected with regiments and Division hospitals. In one of these where my own labors were particularly required, most of the patients were convalescent, able to walk about and attend service. My custom was to take a stand a stand near by, in a beautiful shade, and commence singing, when large numbers of the men would immediately come together and listen by the hour to the preaching. It was here

that some of my happiest hours, while in the army, were spent. They appeared exceedingly anxious to receive the Gospel. Very many were Christians and seemed happy and joyful, even in the midst of sorrow. It is easy preaching, when men hang upon the lips of the speaker, rejoicing in the "glad tidings." There is one dash of discouragement. The inmates of the hospitals are continually coming and going. Many hear the preacher one day who are beyond his reach on the next. This is, however, but another inducement to improve with fidelity each present opportunity.

The men in the hospitals showed special eagerness to obtain religious books and tracts. Of these I aimed always to have a supply. The amount of good which these little messengers of mercy have done and are still doing in the army is incalculable. The press has in this instance proved how powerful it is, as an engine of usefulness, when rightly employed. Our brethren of the Societies deserve high commendation for what they have done in the distribution of religious literature in the army. It appears to have been the special study of those having this work in hand to prepare the reading matter best adapted

to the end, and at the same time give it the help of taste and beauty in the mechanical execution of their little works. The soldiers appreciate the fact; and their books and tracts have, while contributing to while away the slow hours of the day in camp, or the more tedious period of convalescence in the hospitals, not only saved their readers from books of an evil tendency, but have left impressions for good which must be lasting.

The times and places for preaching in camp must of course depend on circumstances, it being impossible to fix upon any arrangement not liable to frequent interruption. Our aim was to have religious service every Lord's day, both for preaching and for prayer. But the plan was often interfered with unavoidably. A battle would sometimes ensue, or marching orders be given, when the tents must be struck, wagons loaded and other preparations made. At such times all is excitement, and the minds of the men are occupied with far other matters than prayer or preaching. Sometimes the Paymaster makes his appearance; not unfrequently arriving on Saturday ready to commence operations on the morrow.

All these things are of course beyond our con-

trol, and however much we may regret them they evidently cannot be helped. The worst of all is when unnecessary parades, or reviews are planned for the Sabbath. This is sometimes done apparently with the design of interrupting religious service. For such interferences the officers alone are responsible. When no such interruptions occur, we aim to keep up one meeting regularly. Those for prayer are generally of a very interesting character; not only well attended, but very solemn and impressive. Often I have known persons to rise unsolicited and ask an interest in the prayers of Christians.

The character of the exercises on preaching occasions differs somewhat from what is customary where people are pleasantly seated in churches. The camp exercise, as a general thing, requires to be short and direct, if we would retain the hearers. Prosy and lengthy discourses they would not tolerate. In the hospitals it is different. There men are at leisure, and their minds have been in a measure prepared for the contemplation of serious things by the tedious discipline of sickness, or wounds.

The impression that the chaplain's duty is a less laborious one than that of other officers ori-



ginates in the fact that his work, to a great extent, is not of a kind to be known. It is, in fact, not second to that of any other post in arduousness and in the demand it makes upon time and strength. People misjudge when they think that because he carries no musket, performs no guard duty, nor tedious marches on foot, that his life is an easy one. I have been in the Christian ministry nearly twenty years, and have seen a good deal of hard service, with exposure to the rough weather of all seasons. Having been in chaplain duty for a year, I think I can judge of the comparative tax upon one's energies. The labor in the camp is not less severe, as regards either the physical or the mental energies, than in any other department of ministerial service. The mind may not be so much taxed in the preparation of discourses; but it is constantly taxed in study how to adapt itself to the peculiarities of the position, and meet adequately, and with right influences other minds and hearts so almost hopelessly diverted from serious things. Almost every variety of character and talent is to be met. The sick are to be visited, the dying consoled and instructed, the dead to be buried. A careless-minded chaplain, reversing the senti-

ment of the Apostle and seeking "*yours* not *you*," may pass through the routine of positively required duty, with little effort to *find* opportunities of usefulness. But the servant of the Lord Jesus, having the mind that was also in him, will feel burdens of anxiety continually weighing him down. The faithful and earnest chaplain often finds occasion to retire and weep before the Lord over the hardness of men's hearts, and the want of faith and fidelity among Christians.

In addition to the labor spoken of, there is the writing of letters for soldiers, answering letters of inquiry about husbands and sons in the army, and writing to friends of deceased soldiers — all consuming time, and all taxing the mental energies. I speak of these things simply by way of protest against the impression which some have that the chaplain's post is a species of sinecure. After all, it is not wise in this or any other sphere of service to be overmuch anxious as to the opinions of men. If we "have this testimony that we please God" we can well afford to suffer under some misconstruction at the hands of men. It is enough that the disciple be as his master and the servant as his Lord. "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, much more shall they call them of his household!"

At this point may be appropriately named another class of benevolent persons, who have been, both for chaplains and surgeons, "fellow-helpers" indeed. The injunction of our Savior is always worthy of regard: "Tribute to whom tribute and custom to whom custom"—both as respects payment of taxes, and the rendering of deserved praise. Woman occupies on the page of inspired history a conspicuous place, often being represented there as what she is, man's attendant angel, as ready to minister to him in trying times, as when fortune smiles. Nowhere does woman appear to greater advantage than at the bedsides of the sick and dying. Her smile, even, kindles hope and joy when all other comforters fail. It is not to be expected, of course, that any one chaplain should acquaint himself with all who may be alike worthy of mention. What I shall say must have reference to those only whose labors have come under my own observation. Of these it affords me great pleasure to speak.

Mrs. Byckerdyke, of Galesburg, Ill., President of the Sanitary Association in that city, it was my pleasure to meet the week previous to the battle of Pittsburg Landing. She was at that time in the hospitals at Savanna ministering to

the sick soldiers there, most of whom were Donelson heroes; now prostrated with diseases, the effect of exposure to cold and to storms. Never was woman's mission more faithfully and tenderly performed. In all weathers, and by night and day, with such intervals of rest as were absolutely necessary, she went from hospital to hospital, supplying them with the sanitary goods with which she was put in charge; at the same time exercising a sort of supervision over the different departments. I may safely say that no surgeon in the army has performed more service, or done more for the sick and dying. While the names of many shall rot, her name will, like that of Dorcas, be long remembered.

It has greatly pleased me, as I have fallen in with this excellent lady at different times, to hear soldiers express their joy in meeting her; calling her "Mother," as truly she was a mother to them. She filled to them, in a great measure, the place of the mothers at home, attending them in their wanderings and exposures, sitting by them to cool their parched lips when fever overtook them, binding up their wounds and warding off the stroke of death. I know well what a satisfaction it has been to the waiting and praying ones far



away to know that the place they would so gladly have filled in their own person, was still not by any means quite empty.

Mrs. Plumber, of St. Louis, also rendered very important service ; as did, likewise, Miss Johnson, of Pennsylvania. The mission of these ladies was performed on the boat *Louisiana*, which was used for hospital purposes, on the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers. Many a poor, sick man will have reason to bless God forever that he ever saw these ladies—who sought every opportunity in their power to do them good. It is well to employ ladies in the hospitals, if for no other purpose than to pass round among the sick occasionally. The presence of woman gives something of a home-like air even to the hospital, taking away much of the gloom that otherwise prevails there. It keeps the mind from dwelling constantly on the dark side of the picture, so injurious often to the patient.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, General Agent of the Ladies' Aid Society, in Iowa, is deserving of special mention. Her deeds of benevolence and her noble daring are on the lips of all who know her in the Army of the Mississippi. The self-denying labors of this estimable lady will be



fully known only when the records of all human actions shall be brought to light. I do believe that she has an insatiable thirst for doing good, and is willing, in order to accomplish her benevolent ends, to endure privation and hardship to any extent. It is impossible that the names and deeds of such persons shall be forgotten.

The Governor of Iowa, to show his appreciation of her labors, appointed her General Agent of the Sanitary Department in that State. The able and lengthy report which she prepared and submitted to the Legislature shows how extensively she co-operated with the agents of other States in the North-West. I only regret that I cannot do her greater justice in these pages. She is worthy of being everywhere known as the angel-woman whose deeds have been full of devotion and benevolence. A few extracts from her Report will give the reader some idea of her interest in this work in which she engaged at her own charges:

“Every sick soldier restored to health is one added to the Federal army; every life saved is a home-jewel that some mother, wife, or sister will value more highly than a diamond of the first water.”

“Our free institutions, with all that exalts and ennobles American womanhood, are in danger. Shall we hesitate and falter? Have we not come to the kingdom for such a time as this? We feel that we already have your answer.” This is her address to the benevolent of her own State. “A hearty response comes to us,” she says, “from every part of the State, full of hope and cheer to the suffering soldier.”

Another extract will show more clearly the arduousness of her labors:

“We have been and are still giving all our time, freely and gratuitously; have been obliged most of the time to live on army rations; have labored incessantly, in deadly, malarious districts, exposed to all the diseases of the climate and the army. We have had perils by land and by water; and if we did not feel that the object for which we labor is a noble one, and if we had not the best evidence that many of our suffering sick were being relieved and encouraged by our efforts, we should at once abandon the enterprise.”

These extracts may give some idea of the extent and spirit of the work done by self-denying women in the present war. May this

lady meet with a reward commensurate. I might mention other similar cases. Mrs. Webb, of Wisconsin, acting in a similar capacity for her own State, is certainly rendering a most praiseworthy service, and deserves the grateful recognition of the Government and the people of her State.

The ladies of Chicago have a special claim to honorable mention here. In no city of the land has the soldier had more efficient friends, and of these ladies have been among the foremost. Some, like Mrs. Porter, have given themselves wholly to hospital service, and spent months at the seat of war. Others, like Mrs. Livermore, have held official positions in connection with the Sanitary Commission, and labored night and day for the soldier's benefit. Still others, among whom may be named ladies of the First Baptist Church, have visited the camps of the Southwest, bearing medicines and delicacies for the sick and wounded; while at home diligent fingers toiled, and purses were always open. These manifestations of patriotic and benevolent sympathies will not be among the incidents of this war soonest forgotten. Indeed, it is these which the war-worn veterans, themselves, will

hereafter longest cherish, and even grave and dignified history might spare a few pages for such a record.

## CHAPTER V.

### ADVANCE ON CORINTH.

Orders to March—Glad to Leave—Pittsburgh Landing and Vicinity — Shiloh Church — Hamburg — A rebel Preacher — The Union Army on the march — Slow and sure — The Armies face each other — Weeks of waiting — Corinth is ours, but why? — Description of the Place — New Duties — “Contrabands” — A bleaching Process — Providential Overrulings — The War a Liberator — Congress and the President — Southern Testimonies.

WELCOME, thrice welcome news came to us from Corinth over the wires about the first of August, that we should leave at once for Hamburg, some five miles still further up the river. The distance was but a trifle, it is true, but then it was to afford us a change, and an opportunity to once more breathe a pure air. With great joy we bade adieu to the spot where we had spent so many lonely and unpleasant hours, breathing an atmosphere tainted by the dead bodies of men,



horses and mules. Seldom does one spend so long a time in any place without forming some kind of local attachment; but here is one to which we look back only with feelings of sorrow. There are the graves of our fellow soldiers, many of whom were once our neighbors; there we have witnessed untold more agony of suffering than it was ever before our lot to see. To remain there all summer in the midst of such scenes was trying in the extreme.

The place, itself, is at the best an undesirable one, having few if any natural attractions. Many are surprised on learning that Pittsburgh Landing was a place of no importance, whatever, before the battle which was fought there—not even deserving a place on the map, as the reader will discover. It consists only of two buildings, one immediately on the river, a small, insignificant wood building, which was occupied as a storage-room during our stay; and the other a double log house, of which I have spoken in the previous pages, as used for an amputating room immediately after the battle. It is a woodland place, with but few acres of clearing around it; the dense forests skirt the river and extend all the way to Corinth, with now and then a small spot

of cleared land. The country, about the Landing, is very broken. Deep ravines open in almost every direction. The only thing of any interest is the beautiful Tennessee, at this point far more beautiful than even the noble Mississippi, though of course not so wide. The opposite shore, while somewhat lower, is still sufficiently high for cultivation, and appears rich in its native state, but almost entirely unimproved.

Although the soil is generally of an inferior quality, yet cotton grows quite luxuriantly. Let Northerners take it and cultivate it after their style, and fruit might also be raised in abundance. Grapes, especially, grow astonishingly. I have seen a grape vine which measured six inches in diameter, and extended the whole length of a tree, a hundred or more feet in height. The small clearings in the vicinity do not present so favorable an appearance as formerly, owing to the devastations made by the two armies. When the rebels were there they took almost everything of value, and when they passed away our own troops completed the work. Fences were either burned as fuel for ovens, or used in bridging the road; log-houses were demolished — and indeed all things seemed as if there had not been

a resident there for many years. It is not likely that our eyes will ever rest upon the spot again. We hope and pray they never may.

There remained, for some weeks, an interesting relic on the field of Shiloh — the old log meeting-house which was the only building there. While it continued standing, it was much sought unto by persons anxious to secure some memento of the place and the scenes it had witnessed. Shattered by the storm of battle, it had suffered still more at the hands of such visitors. Doors, windows, shutters and the door and window frames had been removed. By these means the supports of the rude structure had become much weakened, and when one day about a year since a surgeon, who with other officers had stopped there to lunch, chanced to remove an old Austrian musket which without his knowledge was doing service as a prop, the log it upheld came down, and the whole building followed. The persons within escaped death very narrowly, but bore away numerous bruises. The remains of the building have since been consumed by army bakers, or carried away by relic hunters. A subscription paper was started for the purpose of rebuilding, but came to nothing. Shiloh church



SHILOH CHURCH.

BOND-CHANDLER-CHASO





was, in one part of the battle, Beauregard's headquarters; subsequently, a place of refuge for the wounded of both armies. It is a pity that it should have been destroyed, as it must have remained in time to come an object of great interest to visitors.

Our orders, as I have said, fixed our next location at Hamburg. The reader must not be surprised to learn that the improvement in our circumstances was but slight;—save only that by the change we escaped from many unpleasant sights and odors. Hamburg will never vie with Chicago in population, trade or commerce. It consists of only about twenty-five dwellings, all told, which are very inferior, there not being a good house in the place. There are no signs of either wealth, or enterprise, or intelligence. This is easily accounted for, when one learns that there is not a school-house there, and only one very ordinary meeting-house, with its interior unfinished. The location is a very favorable and pleasant one for a town; plenty of ground on which to build, soil productive, yielding abundantly in fruits, etc. Here Gen. Pope landed with his forces, as he came up the river a few days after the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, or

Shiloh. It was thus made a military post, where immense supplies were kept for the army, until possession had been gained of the railroad from Columbus to Corinth.

During our stay of a few weeks in Hlamburgh, a squad of guerillas was brought in and delivered over to us for safe keeping. Among them was a preacher, who had done more than any other man in that region of country to excite the people and draw them off from the Union ; being a Professor in one of the Southern schools and an intelligent man, he had used all his influence as a minister of evil. He was safely shackled and housed in in an old log-prison, to await further orders. While in this condition he sent for me to come and see him, which I did. I found him handcuffed and looking like anything but an honest man and a minister. There are times when chains are no dishonor, and especially to a servant of the Lord Jesus. Paul's chains were no dishonor to him, neither was he ashamed of them when he stood before Agrippa. But it is quite another thing to be in bonds for treason, one of the highest crimes known to the laws of any nation.

I could not feel any pity for this man as I

looked upon him, for his crime deserved not only the prison, but the halter. Those very qualities which under other circumstances would have won esteem and honor, only made his treason seem more abominable. He used every endeavor to interest me and excite my sympathy, but in vain. I told him that I looked upon him as a felon, deserving to die by the rope. I informed him that I had nothing consoling to offer; that was not my errand, but to tell him precisely how we regarded the crime of which he was guilty, entreating him to improve the few days of life still left to him in seeking after repentance.

This, of course, he called "uncharitable;" but I told him it was impossible to be a true Christian and at the same time a traitor to his country. The Divine injunction is, "Obey them which have the rule over you." Treason, like this of the Southern Rebellion, is the most outrageous violation possible of that command. He had been, also, a cruel persecutor of Union men. When our troops came up the river he was stationed at Savanna. Very much frightened at their approach he fled back into the country. Afterwards he was caught with a squad of guerrillas, and brought into our camp. He, and such

as he, are among the men chiefly responsible for this terrible war. What became of him I never learned, as our stay at Hamburg was short; our next destination being a point south of Corinth, where our regiment remained some two months.

Returning to the more general operations of the army, the reader will understand that while a few regiments were left on the bank of the Tennessee, the great bulk of our force advanced by slow degrees towards the rebel stronghold at Corinth. This is a point of railroad center in Mississippi, to which our enemy fell back after the Shiloh battle, and where he maintained himself for some time with dogged resolution.

There have been many conjectures why Gen. Grant, immediately following the great battle of Shiloh, did not advance more rapidly on the enemy, instead of giving him time to fortify his position, and render it in a measure impregnable. After all that has been said in explanation of his course, and the many plausible views suggested by his friends, there still remains a doubt and a mystery. From all that we could learn at the time, our troops were as well prepared to march as theirs, and might have made as good time.

The argument that the roads were bad — almost impassable — which was no doubt the fact, does not meet the case. If the rebels could travel through the mud and take along with them their heavy ordnance, why might not we have done the same? Had we advanced, as we were prepared to do, we should have been but a few hours, at most, behind the rebel army in arriving at Corinth. If they were as badly cut up as represented in our public journals, why give them so much time to rest and recruit their wasted energies?

It argues one of two things: either the General commanding did not entertain the same impression as the correspondents who represented the opposite army as so badly dealt with, or his sympathies for the rebels were so strong as not to allow an onward advance of his army. This last I am not disposed to believe. It is evident that the rebel army were still in a fighting condition; that notwithstanding their many and severe losses by death, wounds and otherwise, they were strong enough to resist even a powerful attack. Subsequent events prove it. An army that can hold at bay an assailing force seventy or eighty thousand strong, must possess on its own part



formidable elements of strength. If the rebel army suffered immense losses at Pittsburgh, ours were as great or greater, when we include the wounded, the missing, and those taken prisoners. Their loss in killed would far outnumber ours, which was fearful indeed. To say the least, it was a hard-fought battle, both armies displaying a desperation seldom equalled in all past wars; each ambitious and determined to conquer. That we succeeded in driving them from their point of attack secures to us the laurel of victory; still, we hoped to have won a more undisputed success in return for such a tremendous outlay of life and treasure.

In many things it must be acknowledged that the Southern army have ever had the advantage. Understanding, as they do, the topography of their country, its best places for defence and for ambush, they are enabled to evade our troops, who are necessarily ignorant of the passes and defiles, and draw them into "traps." While they keep us constantly on the march, they seldom meet us in the open field, or give us opportunity to encounter them arm to arm and hand to hand.

It is an easy thing for the red-man of the wil-

derness to lie in ambush and slay our soldiers, who travel, like men, the highways, ready, in open daylight, to attack their enemy. Just as easy is it for the rebels to skulk into unlikely places where we should least look for them, and cut off our men as they march along the open road. This is no triumph, to slay our soldiers in a mode of warfare suitable to savages only. But in this way they have an advantage. Two or three thousand men, led by such a General as Price, can keep twenty thousand on the chase. While this is so, when will the end come?

But to return. It was a grand sight, indeed, to see the vast army of the Union in its wilderness camp, all preparing to move upon the enemy in his stronghold. Some were striking tents, some loading wagons, others moving the artillery, others still pitching tents for a temporary stay, until ordered to march again; every day expecting the great fight to be renewed. The roads leading from the Landing were literally crowded with army teams, each of six mules or horses, drawing forage, commissary stores, ammunition, etc., for the army in the advance. One division moves to-day, another to-morrow; those in the rear advancing to the front. Days and weeks

were thus spent in the march, feeling along as if approaching a masked volcano.

At length the great army comes to a stand. Earthworks are carefully thrown up, behind which the troops might fall back in case of necessity. Pickets are thrown out in the advance to test the strength and disposition of the enemy. Sometimes these are driven back, after a smart skirmish in which a few are killed or wounded. That the two opposing generals were both cautious, prudent and sagacious, no one could doubt; displaying fine strategy with perfect knowledge of military rules. Gen. Halleck had, in the meantime, arrived and taken command of the Union troops; Gen. Beauregard, Gen. A. S. Johnston having been killed at Shiloh, being at the head of the rebel force.

At length the opposing armies are within one mile of each other; the rebels protected by their immense walls of earth, and the felled forests which offer the most formidable difficulties to the advance of our artillery. They seem confident, yet we are no less so. Here, then, the opposing hosts face each other, when night shuts in on them and when morning approaches; not for a few days, but for weeks. At length a change

comes. Corinth is ours. We have only to enter and take possession. The prize is won. But what made it ours? Was there a great battle fought, as had been so long expected? No. The sound of cannon had not been heard. No powder had been burned, except by the skirmishers. Who fought the battle, then, and won the honors? No one. The enemy thought best, for certain prudential reasons, to leave and change their base of operations. They quietly moved away, taking their own time and choosing their own route, and thus invited, or suffered, us to come in as the occupants.

Were there no means by which information could have been obtained of their position or intentions? Why is it that they are always so fully acquainted with our movements, and plans even, while we remain ignorant of theirs? Is it that they are more shrewd and sagacious than we? Is it that their lines are more vigilantly guarded against the admission of spies? The intelligent reader must decide for himself.

Corinth in Mississippi does not, indeed, very much resemble its namesake of classical fame; doubtless, however, it will have its own place in the pages of history. For not only was it the

strong fort of the rebellion in the South-West during the spring and summer of 1862, but became later the theatre of one of the most desperate and bloody battles of the war. Of this battle I shall have occasion to speak ere long.

Corinth might be made one of the most active and prosperous inland towns in the South; not because it has the best natural location, but as a railroad center, and therefore of necessity a point of importance. It had, at the commencement of the war, a population of about fifteen hundred, with a few public buildings considered, in that country, models of Architecture. In the North, however, they would be looked upon as very ordinary specimens of the builder's art. The Tishomingo House, its principal hotel, is of brick, not imposing in its appearance, yet as being at the junction of the two railroads centering there designed evidently for an extensive patronage.

If one were to judge of the religion of the people from the number and character of the churches, the verdict could not be a favorable one. The church edifices are of exceedingly moderate pretensions with few signs of good taste, as respects either style or convenience. The school houses are better. Just south of the town, on a beauti-



ful commanding eminence, stands an Academy built of brick and of ample dimensions, capable of accommodating three or four hundred pupils. The main part of the building is completed in tolerable modern taste, although the wing, designed doubtless for boarding purposes, still remains with its walls only in a finished state. We learned that a prosperous school was in progress there at the breaking out of the war. But its Preceptor, being not a little tinctured with the Southern disease, was ordered, on the arrival of the Union army, to take his departure and not be seen there again during the war. The building is at present used as a General Hospital, in which from fifteen hundred to two thousand inmates have been lodged and tended in their sickness.

Corinth is not, now, what it was before our forces arrived there. Its roads and its railroad buildings have been so much improved that some of its inhabitants, after an absence of a few months, hardly knew it on their return. Government has expended no small amount of capital and labor in the erection of machine shops, warehouses, and buildings for the accommodation of the army. On the whole, our forces have greatly improved the town in appearance and in reality.

Should the agricultural resources of the country about ever be fully developed, Corinth would become a place of considerable activity. Let the soil in its vicinity be cultivated as efficiently as is done in the Northern and Eastern States, and it will yield a rich return. Although it is not as vigorous in its native condition as the soil of those States, yet being adapted to cotton-growing, as well as to most kinds of grain and fruits, the profits of these staples would be found sufficient to support a large population. Villages and cities grow as the country develops. Of this Chicago is an eminent instance. Its large population and its flourishing trade are due, in great part, to the immense and fruitful region that is its tributary. In proportion as the country continues to develop, Chicago will also grow and prosper. So with other towns, especially such as grow up at railroad centers.

The country in the neighborhood of Corinth is mostly a wilderness, with now and then a clearing which indicates improvement of some kind. All the way to the Tennessee river, a distance of over twenty miles, there are but very few improved farms, no school-houses which we have ever seen in our repeated journeys, no churches

save the Shiloh church standing adjacent to the battle-ground; an old log house, with its interior entirely unfinished, and its whole aspect very uninviting. Indeed, the entire country, for a large district around, indicates but little wealth, and far less enterprise, or activity. What can Corinth hope to become, while the region about it remains thus waste, with a sparse population, unenterprising and of scanty intelligence?

We had but little opportunity to ascertain the character of the inhabitants of the town, as most of them retired before our troops entered the place, so that but few remained to give us information. Those who did remain professed to be loyal, and chose rather to abide by their stuff and take their chances, in the hope of federal protection. However it may have been with the greater number, some of them, at least, gave us good reason to doubt the genuineness of their attachment to the Union, or its symbol, the Stars and Stripes.

On the 5th of September, I received orders to report at once to Major Gen. Ord, Commander of the Post at Corinth. I went, accordingly, much wondering. The General received me pleasantly and explained that he wished to put me in

charge of the "contrabands" about Corinth, who were scattered over the country adjacent, with no one to look after them, no provisions, no homes. The town was also infested by them, and in many instances they had not only proved a great annoyance to the citizens but were corrupting and demoralizing the soldiers. Besides, it seemed necessary to have them concentrated at some one point, where the men might be easily reached when needed as laborers on the public works, or the women as laundresses in hospitals.

The order admitted of no choice on my part. I had no disposition to resist, yet the question was natural, why a *chaplain* should be employed. It seemed as if this sort of duty might be thought unbecoming to other officers, and so thrown upon the chaplain as the man of all work. I was conscious of no lack of sympathy for the poor people of whom I was to have the charge, yet it seemed only fair that I should know why a chaplain had been selected for this service. The General explained. Some time, he said, had been spent in looking about for the proper person to place in that responsible position, some one of humane and kindly feelings towards the poor

blacks, and who would attend to the work with fidelity. I at once accepted the post and entered with interest upon its duties.

It very soon appeared that the work was to be both arduous and unpleasant. No definite plans had been adopted with reference to the colored people within our lines. The question arose, what is to be the future condition of this people? Are they to be reduced again to slavery as soon as our army advances, and made to serve with more rigor, perhaps, than before? Or are they to be forever and absolutely free? Subsequent events have answered these questions greatly to the joy of all who desire the freedom and elevation of the world's oppressed races. At the time I entered upon the post in question, I could only labor in hope.

The details of the service were numerous and perplexing. Tents for the accommodation of the fugitives already in the place were provided, and the poor creatures, men, women and children, as pleasantly housed and taken care of as the means afforded would allow. The day following, however, another company came for which no tents had been provided. These, consequently, had to be obtained. From day to day fugitives



continued to pour in. On Sunday, just before sunset, over five hundred came in one body, of both sexes and all ages. The names of all had to be taken, with the names of their masters and the States from which they came. On the morrow, before breakfast was finished, another crowd of eleven hundred, came to my quarters. It seemed as if the whole slave population were really fleeing from their oppressors to a land of freedom. By this time it had become quite evident that it was to be no easy task to provide for and watch over such a multitude of helpless beings, already numbering, at least, two thousand of all ages.

Among the number were many far whiter in complexion, doubtless, than the masters who oppressed them. A female came to me to register her name. I said to her "This is the place for colored persons, only." Said she, "I am unfortunately a slave." This I could scarcely believe, and I hesitated for some time, thinking she was practicing a deception to get her food. I could hardly believe, even yet, that in America, enlightened, Christian America, we had gone so far in crime as to sell our own flesh and blood and bones, making merchandise of our very children.

The features, complexion, hair, all were those of a white person, and gave no evidence whatever of negro blood. She may have been either a child of misfortune, of poverty, turned into the negro quarters and left to grow up a slave. Perhaps, which is more likely, one of those instances which show at once the licentiousness and the barbarism of slavery, a fruit of the “bleaching process” that is one of the chief abominations of the system. She is the mother of two children, either of whom is as white, dear reader, as your child, or mine. Must not God visit the people for such things?

In the expressive language of the lamented Mitchell, “We must destroy slavery, or it will destroy us.” “All the hopes of humanity for a thousand years to come are involved in this struggle.” Let us thank God that the doom of “the sum of all villainies” is written, and that the iniquitous institution is “marching along, with railroad speed, toward that bourne from whence no revolution can ever return or restore it.” From even the point of present beginnings can be foreseen the utter extinction of slavery. May God hasten it!

The method of divine Providence thus far,

with reference to this evil, as seen in the history of the present war, is deserving of study. While the age in which we live is marked by extraordinary movements and changes, both in the political and the moral world, no part of it, perhaps, has been more strikingly characterized in this way than the past two years. And the significant feature in all is the method of Providence in producing these changes. There has been an action of Government, as plainly was needed; and there has been a pressure of popular sentiment acting on the Government inducing, to a great extent, the measures adopted. Yet two years ago the nation and its rulers were both far enough from being either in a disposition, or *in circumstances*, to enter upon measures so radical and so far-reaching in their effects.

We find the explanation of all in the history of the war, itself. We began this struggle without any proper conception of its real scope, and with almost no preparation at all. A regular army of 18,000 men, scattered over this wide domain, most of them in posts far away on the frontier, and very few of them where they could be made available for even the defence of threatened points. A navy of a few ships, purposely

sent away on distant expeditions, and scarcely one at home for immediate service. A Government, during the time when State after State was seceding, managed in the interests of rebellion, and turned over at last to the new Administration bound hand and foot. The President of the nation's choice compelled to enter the Capitol in disguise, and his life in danger on the very day of his inauguration. Did ever a nation enter upon a conflict with internal foes at a greater disadvantage? Nor did either the people or the Government realize at the outset the real nature or the destined extent of this conflict. The rebel leader, himself, acknowledges that all his own prognostications deceived him. It has been in the *development* and *intensity* of the struggle, and the pressure of those terrible exigencies that from time to time have presented themselves, that the important measures to which allusion is made above had their birth. God has placed the nation in straits where it had no choice but to act, and where the very nature of the necessity gave it *power* to act.

In these circumstances, we can now see that a wonderful progress has been made. The Congress of 1861-62 was probably the most impor-

tant in our history. It passed that act so long desired by the friends of freedom and true patriots, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Thus one foul disgrace was wiped out, and the manacled slave no longer stands pleading vainly for his rights in the shadow of the national Capitol. Another act adopted by the same Congress prohibited the introduction of slavery in any territory of the United States; this also a measure longed, hoped for and struggled for — yet how vainly till the pressure of national trouble came! Hayti and Liberia were acknowledged, as they ought long before to have been. Then we had the confiscation bill, which uses the master's own hand to cast off the yoke from his bondsman's neck. Later came the act of the President, first announcing his purpose after a certain date to free the slaves of all persons still continuing in rebellion, and afterwards executing this purpose in his memorable Proclamation. The 22d of September, 1862, and the 1st of January, 1863, are days henceforth illustrious, not only in the annals of our own country but of the world.

Of these changes, my own work at the time now referred to was to me, at least, a notable



sign, while others were seen on every hand. As the result of such enactments, liberty was offered to the chaplains, everywhere, to preach the Gospel of the grace of God to those who had been all their lifetime in oppression, unable to assert their own personality. In Mississippi, a State whose slave laws were peculiarly severe, I saw on a plantation, right in sight of a cotton gin where had long been wrung out the sweat and life-blood of the poor captive, an encampment of negroes who never till that day could say, "We are our own; these hands, these feet, these tongues are ours;" and there was no man who dared to gainsay their claim. Truly, God has done great things, and greater are yet in store. He has at length heard the groaning of his poor, despised people, as long ago he heard Israel in Egypt. "The cries of them who have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth, and he hath come down to deliver." Whether slavery be abolished at once, or by a gradual process, it is at least now in the last great struggle. The main artery is tapped and the blood is flowing out.

Among the evidences of this may be taken the outspoken declarations of men who have here-

tofore been the supporters of the system and sharers of its gains. Union men in the South, many of them at least, sustain the President's Proclamation. Col. Hamilton, of Texas, represents the sentiments and position of large numbers. My readers may recall these words of his in a speech delivered at a public meeting in New York ;

“I do not want the aid and sympathy of a man who thinks that the war must be carried on in such a way as still to preserve the cause of the war. I want it so settled that when the thing shall have been disposed of, no other men having a tendency to treason will find the same cause on which to found a rebellion.”

Nor does he leave us in doubt as to what he esteems the cause of the present war. “I intend,” he says, “to contribute my humble efforts to pull up slavery by the last roots. I know that slavery must perish, in order that liberty may survive. I know that the manacles must fall from the fettered limbs of the black race on this continent, in order that the white man may not be manacled. I take my position on the side of my race. I demand liberty for my children at the expense of negro slavery. If the whole

planet of the earth, and all the other planets of the universe were crowded with negroes under similar circumstances with those in the South, I would strike the manacles from every slave."

Mr. Carter, of Tennessee, remarked in the same meeting, and he himself a slaveholder, "I beg these editors, for the sake of our common country, for the sake of the weeping and perishing thousands of loyal men in the South, to cease traducing the Government, and sustain the Government. I am conscious of having lost rights, not through my own Government, but that of the accursed Southern Confederacy. I have lost the right of abiding under my own vine and fig tree. In short, I have lost the right to be in my own country a freeman."

If Mr. Carter would know who is originally to blame for all this, let him charge it to the institution he has labored so long and so industriously to foster. He has crushed God's poor and taken their wages unjustly. Let him not wonder if judgment is returned upon his own head. We value, however, none the less his testimony to the virulent spirit of the rebellion and the bitterness of the root from which it springs. Other leading men of the South have

seen and acknowledged how hostile to the Union and to every national interest slavery is. Never did any great iniquity more signally sentence itself than has this. The day must come when of all who yet advocate its cause there shall be left none to plead for it. May God hasten it in his time.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE NEGRO AND HIS DESTINY.

A Sad and Bitter Legacy—How the Poison Works—Ill-treatment of “Contrabands”—“Angel’s Visits”—The Slave Girl and her Rescuers—Well done, 22d Wisconsin!—“The Vexed Question”—Colonization: Is it Practicable? Is it Expedient? Is it Just?—Will Free Blacks Work?—The Chief Obstacle—Labor and Capital in their True Relations—Let us Do Right.

Not the least of the questions once more or less speculative, but made practical by the war, is that which concerns the negro. The fathers of this nation have almost neutralized the privileges of independent government which they won for us in the grand struggle of the Revolution, by entailing along with them the curses and complications of African slavery. Indeed, as I write these words it is still a question whether the slavery they left to us will not yet despoil us of all that better legacy so far enjoyed in the form of free institutions.

It is painful to trace the poisonous effect of this



system even among Northern men, numbers of whom never saw the thing itself until events of the war brought them face to face with it. Quite too much of the tendency predominant at the South to rate the negro as a more intelligent sort of brute, is observable among those who, born and educated at the North, should know better. There are noble exceptions of which I shall have occasion to speak; yet truth compels me to declare that the unfortunate colored race have not always found friendly treatment even at the hands of Union men. Possibly some apology ought to be admitted on the ground that the disposition of "contrabands" has always been, in some respects, a perplexing and embarrassing subject to army officers. Provision for such large numbers of helpless creatures could not be easily made, in addition to all the care and complication of the regular army supplies; while their presence within our lines of course much increased the difficulty of maintaining needed military discipline. Nor is it wonderful that the self-reliant, energetic men of the North should feel disgusted sometimes at the utter shiftlessness and childishness of those whom generations of bondage have almost despoiled of the last vestige or

manhood. And yet, it is not right to forget that these poor creatures are children of the one father; nor that by as much as we have, as a nation, been concerned in their degradation, we are bound to seek in every possible way to raise them again to the human level that must once have been theirs.

Much of the ill-treatment which the "contrabands" have received was utterly without excuse. Cases have come under my observation, and not a few either, where men have been employed, rendering diligent and faithful service, and turned off with an order on some irresponsible person; their pay of course thus going by default. In one instance (and the names of the parties ought to be published), a negro man, one of the most industrious of them all, was engaged to dig graves for a hospital. He worked hard for two months, dug and covered many a grave for the poor soldiers, but at last sickened and died. All that was furnished for his burial was a rough, square box. Thus ended the poor grave-digger.

But this is not the whole of the shameful story; I wish it was. His wife served during the time as a laundress in the hospital, and when she herself failed and gave out, never was a

human being treated with more perfect indifference. She came and told me her sad tale; that she and her husband had not only served without even the slightest remuneration, but were turned off in utter helplessness when sick. Such things are hard enough at any time, but perfectly outrageous among those who profess better things, and at such a time as the present.

Besides, all kinds of deception are practiced upon them. In their ignorance they are, of course, easy game. Often when they earn a little money it is taken from them in exchange for worthless paper, or coin. This I have often detected, and threatened to punish the parties if found engaged in it again. Why, then, should the negro *not* look with suspicion on the white man? Is it not, indeed, a wonder that with such treatment as he has received he remains to such a degree as he actually does trustful and submissive? His master oppresses and deceives him all the days of his bondage, taking from him his hard-earned wages wrongfully; and when he escapes to those who offer him freedom, instead of friends ready for the part of the good Samaritan he finds himself in the hands of deceivers and defrauders still.

The writer has the pleasing consciousness of having done all that was in his power for this unfortunate and down-trodden class. By a consistent course of patience and forbearance their confidence was won. They have often appealed to me like a child to his father to decide points of difference that arose amongst them. How many sleepless hours have I passed, thinking of their hardships, and how sad and startling and fearful, sometimes, has the question of their destiny risen before the mind. What is to be the future of this unhappy race?

The anxiety necessarily incident to my charge of the freed negroes, at Corinth, and later at Cairo where my duties in this regard detained me for some months after the battle at the former place, was sometimes relieved by association with benevolent persons who were prepared both to sympathize and to help. I have had some "Angels' Visits" of this kind which I recall, now, with exceeding pleasure. Those who may enjoy congenial Christian fellowship at any time can scarcely realize what it is to one situated as I have often been. I have at such times thought of Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration; when his soul so loved the place and its high and holy



fellowship that he exclaimed, "It is good to be here"; and there, on that consecrated hill, desired to fix his abode.

On one beautiful Sunday morning of December, 1862, there came into our office three unpretending strangers whom I recognized at once as Friends, or Quakers. The name of one of them, Mr. C——, was familiar to me, as I had often heard of him as one of the truest and most active philanthropists of the day. He was accompanied by two friends, a gentleman and a lady. The three had fallen in company on their way to Cairo to look after the wants and condition of the colored people then in that place under my charge. I soon found out that though called by a different name than my own, they were none the less devoted Christians, disciples of Jesus. They spent the whole of the Lord's day with me.

This visit, while affording me great encouragement in my work, left with me some thoughts on the subject of Christian association which I found sweet and profitable after my friends had left. It had never fallen in my way to make many acquaintances amongst that class to which they belonged; but I am prepared now to recognize the distinctive traits of the genuine Christian



spirit in some at least, if not all, of that interesting people whose unpretending name is significant of the gentleness and kindness and wide benevolence for which they have always been remarkable. These Friends of whom I speak seemed to me divested of everything like denominational or sectarian prejudice. I saw the difference too between *talking* Christianity and *acting* it; between devotion to creeds and formularies, and love for Christ and for souls.

And this "godly simplicity"—what an engaging trait of Christian character! It is the transparent medium through which we look in upon the heart and discover there the spirit of the dear Lord himself. Nor does a Christian need any kind of ostentation to commend him either to God or to his fellow men. When such Christians meet, they soon know each other. "Christ in them the hope of glory," becomes a means of mutual recognition; for "as in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

To Mr. C—— I am indebted for the following touching incident: In the autumn of 1862, an interesting mulatto girl of about eighteen years of age was sold, in Lexington, Ky., for seventeen hundred dollars; the purchaser designing to

place her in a house of ill-fame. To this the poor girl refused to consent; every feeling of her nature recoiling at it. She had, though a slave, the instincts of a woman, and felt that death would be preferable to such a destiny.

The day following, she came into the camp of one of our Wisconsin regiments and there told her sad story. She was not repulsed, but found herself amongst a thousand true-hearted men, who assured her of all the protection in their power. They matured a plan by which to place her beyond the reach of the vile wretch who called himself her master. It was to send her in disguise, accompanied by two stout and brave soldiers, in an army wagon to the city of ———. This was accordingly done. At the place of their destination they introduced her to kind friends by whom her rough male attire was exchanged for more suitable apparel from their own wardrobe. They found her as interesting and engaging in character as pleasing in person, notwithstanding the dark hue of her skin.

Here she rested a few days before resuming her journey. During the interim of her sojourn, she with her escorts visited the daguerrean rooms and had their likenesses taken; she sitting in the



THE SLAVE GIRL AND HER RESCUERS.



center with a soldier on either side, with their revolvers drawn, showing their readiness thus to protect her, even at the cost of their own lives. The rescued girl is now among Christian friends who spare no pains to make her both comfortable and happy. "Thus the stranger did not have to lodge in the street, but friends opened their doors to the traveler."

A letter from Mr. C—— since his return home encloses the picture of which I have spoken, together with a letter received from the two young heroes after their return to camp. I give both of these, for the satisfaction of my readers. The first is from Mr. C—— to myself:

"REV. J. B. ROGERS:

"MY DEAR BROTHER —

"Since my return home I have received so many letters of inquiry, and have had so much writing to do, with many other cares, that I have not found a moment to spare, in which to fulfil my promise of writing to thee. I will now take a moment, and enclose the picture I promised, of that amiable slave girl and the noble young officers in disguise that rescued her from a doom worse than death. She was sold at Lexington, Ky., for \$1,700, to be placed in a house of ill-fame. When she learned her doom, she fled into the lines of the 22d Regiment, Wisconsin, for protection. They did protect her, dressed her in soldier's clothes and brought her safely to my house. She is now safe in Wisconsin, where she is kindly and properly cared for and instructed.



" Hoping to hear from thee soon, I remain, with much love  
and sympathy for thee in thy arduous work,

" Thy sincere friend and brother in Christ,

" L. C——."

The following is the other letter alluded to  
above :

" IN CAMP NEAR NICHOLSVILLE, KY., NOV. 17, 1862.

" FRIEND L. C—— :

" As the Lord prospered us on our mission to the land  
of freedom, so has He in our return to our regiment. At  
5 o'clock on Friday evening, after a ride of three days, we  
arrived at our camp near Nicholasville; and you would have  
rejoiced to hear the loud cheering and hearty welcome that  
greeted us on our arrival. Our long delay had occasioned  
many fears as to our welfare; but when they saw us ap-  
proach the burden of their anxiety was gone, and they wel-  
comed us by one hearty outburst of cheers. The Colonel  
was full of delight, and when he heard of the friend, L. C—,  
who so warmly welcomed us to the land of freedom, he  
showered a thousand blessings on your head. The way was  
opened, and we were directed to you by an unseen, but  
ever-present hand. The Lord was truly with us upon that  
journey.

" Your humble friend, &c."

" What shall become of the negro?" is the  
"vexed question" in our national politics. Its  
solution will not be reached, even when all that  
benevolent minds are hoping for in the *freedom*  
of the blacks, as a result of the present struggle,  
shall have been realized. Indeed, so far as we  
can now see, its chief difficulty will then yet re-

main. The prejudices of race, in this country, create serious causes of embarrassment. In the Northern States, these prejudices are already taking the form of positive hostility. Irish laborers look with exceeding jealousy upon the introduction of colored ones; a feeling that is fostered and aggravated, for partisan ends, by selfish politicians. In fact by no class, except those whose philanthropic feelings are interested in the fortunes of this unhappy people, is the negro made welcome as he comes out of Egypt into what his fond imagination has pictured as a "promised land." In the South he is appreciated as *a slave*, but as a man, most of all a *free* man, not even tolerated.

How it can ever be possible for this people, under such circumstances, to work out a desirable destiny for themselves; how they can even remain in the country, as free, without being a constant occasion of collision and of political jangling; these are questions which puzzle the wisest and the ablest. So far, the measures adopted are in the form of temporary expedients, merely. The Government provides for those who come within our lines, by sending them to points like Cairo, Fortress Monroe, or Port Royal.

To some extent they have been distributed from these points as laborers or house servants to various parts of the North. Those wishing to employ them, in either capacity, are permitted to do so, giving them such compensation as they shall think proper. Some, of course — large numbers, in fact — are employed by the Government, or are maintained at Government expense. Many are aged, infirm, or crippled. Others have families with numerous helpless little children. The able-bodied men have work given them. Such are a positive advantage to the service. Every negro man thus employed saves to the Government twenty dollars per month, besides supplying the place of a soldier. As already intimated, they experience but scanty justice at the hands of officials, in many cases being treated little if any better than formerly.

The time must come, however, especially if the ends of this war as respects the Government and the Union are realized, when the question will require to be met—what to do with the black population? A favorite solution of this difficulty, with many, is that proposed in *Colonization*. Perhaps, to some extent, the question may be thus met. So far, the negotiations of the Gov-

ernment with a view to secure some suitable home for this people have not been successful. Future ones may succeed better, and somewhere near the tropics an opening may be found for the realization of the scheme. Yet the expense of colonizing so great a number, the difficulties of transportation, the great length of time necessary, must render this method practically inadequate.

Besides, it is a question whether the country, especially the Southern section of it, can *afford to lose* such a large laboring class. There is now nothing to spare in this direction, while the demand must indefinitely increase. The agricultural resources of our country have scarcely begun to be developed. Vast tracts of land, the best on the globe, lie uncultivated, within the limits of almost all the States. And the want of that kind of labor which the blacks supply is even now felt. After a year's experiment, it has been ascertained that Illinois, south of the 38th degree of latitude, can produce as good cotton as can be raised in Mississippi. The present difficulty is the want of sufficient help to raise it. The South needs more help. Indeed, we have never heard them complain of having too many laborers, but the contrary. The anxiety of the



people, there, to secure an outside source of supply was seen lately in the eager efforts made to revive the African slave trade. With their four millions of slaves, and all the increase of these within themselves, there is still a desire to draw once more upon the savage swarms of the Guinea coast.

To this reasoning it is replied that the blacks will not labor unless compelled. Facts do not warrant such a statement. The free blacks of the Northern States and in Canada are as generally industrious as any other class of the population. In those islands of the West Indies where the slaves recovered their freedom, they or their descendants manifest all the qualities necessary to material and social prosperity. Because as slaves they are indolent and listless, it does not follow that as free they will not be willing to work. Nor, even, because when suddenly freed they are found lacking in efficient qualities, are we to infer that the deficiency is radical and beyond remedy. What is there in a state of slavery to cultivate manhood? How much to depress and destroy! The stimulant of reward, too, is to be considered. If I employ a man to work for me to-day, and the day following, and so on for a



succession of days, the time will come when he will demand, as is his right, a settlement. Were I to decline to grant this, or to recognize the validity of his claims, could I expect him to perform what might reasonably be expected from one well paid for honest labor? Every man must have a motive; and what motive has the slave? Give a man no other motive than the ox, or the mule, and he becomes almost an ox or a mule himself.

And there is the consideration of simple justice. If the black man has not earned for himself a home, who of us has? Should he prefer to seek this home on another soil, where he can be socially and politically independent, let the opportunity be found for him, if possible. We believe that with very many, especially of the more intelligent, this course would be far preferable. But there are multitudes of others who can never feel that any country is a home to them but this, and a forcible removal in their case would be a cruelty almost as great as the bondage they had escaped.

Could the prejudices of race and the bitter passions engendered by this slavery question be but set wholly aside, the difficulty in this case would quickly disappear. The negro would

remain on the soil where he has been "raised"; he would work for wages, willingly and industriously, and for wages sufficiently moderate to make the change a pecuniary advantage to the master. Labor and capital would adjust themselves in their true mutual relations. Exceptional cases would occur, as among all working classes, of idleness, shiftlessness, beggary. This, however, would be the evil incident to every condition of society, and no worse, there is every reason to believe, among the colored race than the white. The haughty pride of the overbearing man-owner would, indeed, be brought down; but this, while no disadvantage to the South itself, would be taking away out of the nation the worst element that has ever developed itself here. Nothing could be more ominous of evil to a Republic than such a spirit. Events now transpiring show whereunto it inevitably tends. The testimony of that true statesman, Thomas Jefferson, on this point, is familiar to every reader: "There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people, produced by the existence of slavery amongst us." "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perfect exercise of the most barbarous passions, the most

unremitting despotism, on one part, and degrading submission on the other."

It would seem, in view of all, that the true national policy, as regards this subject, is *simply to do right*. The founders of the Government did not destroy slavery because they then could not, and because they believed themselves to have provided for its gradual but ultimate extinction. Upon the present generation rests the responsibility of dealing with this great wrong. Divine Providence, overruling the wrath of man, has brought things into a posture where Emancipation has become a constitutional practicability. We believe that if Government will follow in the open path of that Providence, meeting each exigency as it arises and dealing with both master and slave in perfect equity, the difficulties will one by one be surmounted, until, having reached the high point of freedom and justice to all, we shall find it the pinnacle of national greatness.

That pinnacle we shall never reach while cherishing amongst us a great injustice. Thus far in our history, not all the material prosperity enjoyed by us has been able to atone for the disgrace which slavery has brought upon us. There stood, ever, in the Council of Nations, a stern

accuser charging upon "the model Republic" the gigantic and criminal inconsistency of professing freedom and practising oppression. But it will not relieve us to have changed the form of the wrong. Now, at last, let us "do justly and love mercy." Let us deal with the colored race on principles of right and humanity; remembering that oppression, whatever its form, is never excused, but a thousand-fold aggravated, when the object of it is defenceless and poor.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WESTERN BATTLES—BELMONT—ISLAND NO. 10.

An Expedition under Orders—Arrives at Belmont—Battle, Victory and Retreat—A Fierce Struggle—Gen. McClelland's Address to his Troops—Incidents—Inside View of Island No. 10—A Rebel General's Letter—What they are Fighting for.

At this point may appropriately be introduced sketches and incidents of some of the principal Western battles, in a portion of which the writer participated. What was not thus learned by personal observation has been gathered from reliable sources. It will be necessary to go back to a date earlier than any before mentioned, and return along the course of events to the point which the personal narrative has now reached.

On Thursday, November 6, 1861, orders came to Gen. McClelland, then at Cairo, to be ready to move with his brigade at night, with one day's rations. His brigade was composed of the 27th Illinois, Col. Buford; 30th, Col. Philip Fouke,



and 31st, Col. J. A. Logan. They were joined by the 22d, Col. Henry Dougherty; the 7th Iowa, Col. Lanman; Taylor's Battery of Artillery, and detached companies of cavalry. The whole force was under command of Gen. Grant. At the time fixed, all were ready for departure.

That night, the transports lay at Lucas Bend. Early in the morning they left, and arrived at Belmont, on the Missouri shore. This is a small place, directly opposite Columbus, Ky. It is remarkable only for the cotton wood, which grows there to an enormous size. It is a place so utterly insignificant as never to have had a place on the map, even; although henceforth destined to be memorable in the history of wars. At Belmont, as well as at Columbus, a strong force of the rebels had for some time been posted.

About 7 o'clock the gun boats *Conestoga*, *Lexington* and *Tyler* joined the fleet, and Gen. Grant ordered the troops to disembark, and at the same time the gun boats to pass down the river as far practicable, and engage the enemy at Columbus. In an hour's time the fight commenced between the gun boats and the fort. Not much damage was done, only one shot striking the gun boats and killing two men. While this was going on,

the land forces formed in marching order; the right under command of Col. Dougherty, acting Brigadier General; the left under that of Gen. McClelland.

Scouts were sent out, who reported that the enemy were formed in line of battle 4000 strong, one mile from their camp at Belmont. These forces had attacked and driven in our advance pickets, and soon our troops were made to feel that the battle must immediately open. Our force numbered only 2850 men. The enemy, therefore, had the advantage of superior numbers, as well as that of a choice of ground. Their line was formed in heavy timber land, which gave them shelter from our fire.

Taylor's Battery was now divided into three sections, of two guns each; four accompanying the land forces, and two stationed in a cornfield as a reserve. In a short time the battle commenced on the right of the line, composed of the 22d Illinois and the 7th Iowa. The fight was very severe, the enemy at the same time firing shells from Columbus, which did heavy damage to our troops. The battle soon became general, both armies suffering heavily. Col. Lauman, of the 7th Iowa, being wounded, Lieut. Col. Wentz

killed, and Major Rice wounded, while the Adjutant and the Sergeant Major were taken prisoners, that regiment fell into a temporary panic.

Finally, the order was given to charge, and was received with cheers, our men driving the enemy beyond their encampment to the river, and burning every article which they had in camp. The Major of the 27th set the first torch. Commissary stores were burned to the amount of several thousand dollars in value. A clean sweep was made of everything combustible in the camp. The success, however, was dearly purchased. Capt. B——, Aid-de-camp to Gen. McClernand, was shot in the head and killed instantly. Capt. Markley, of the 30th, was also killed at the same time. Major Thomas McClerken, of the same regiment, had a portion of his skull and brains shot away by a musket ball. He was taken prisoner and carried to Columbus, where he remained till the next week when he was sent to Cairo. There he died on the Saturday morning following, surrounded by his family and military friends.

Notwithstanding the losses in officers just mentioned, we had yet achieved one of the most signal victories of the whole campaign, the ene-

my's loss being three to our one in killed and wounded. They had also lost their entire camp equipage, besides some of their best guns. Among these was the "Belle of Louisiana," one of the best guns in the rebel service. Our men carried it off the field, and brought it with them to Cairo. Of course our artillery did not escape injury. Yet the guns which we lost were much inferior to those we gained. Not only was our artillery, on the whole, thus improved, but most of the infantry companies had the privilege of exchanging muskets of an inferior quality for the best kind of Enfield rifles. The boys returned toward the boats bringing off their trophies, in the best of spirits.

While our forces were on the banks of the river, destroying the rebel camp, Col. Fouke detailed a company as scouts, who shortly returned with the intelligence that the enemy had crossed the river from Columbus in great force. Among them was the Irish Brigade, commanded by Gen. Cheatham. Nearly 4,000 fresh troops had crossed over to prevent our return and cut us off. When the reader considers that our troops never exceeded 3,000, he must know that tired and worn out as they were with the hard



fighting of the day, it was no small matter to grapple in with 4,000 fresh troops who came in all the vigor of manhood to attack them.

The scene which followed was one of the most bloody of the entire day. We had swept the ground previously, having driven the enemy not only over the strong abattis, and away from their camp, but many of them into the river. Now, in an hour least expected, we find ourselves surrounded by overwhelming forces, and the only alternative left to cut our way through and if possible take shelter under the protection of the gunboats. Our troops did cut their way through in the most gallant manner, and notwithstanding they were under a galling cross-fire, yet succeeded, although with the loss of many a brave man in the effort. The enemy followed our forces to the transports, and fired upon them wounding several. But the gunboats were soon in a position to return the fire with grape and canister, which caused great slaughter. Taylor's Battery also did good execution. Meanwhile, a number of our men having become scattered, Col. Dougherty rode back from the levee to rally them, when he was shot in the leg and taken prisoner.



As the transports were about leaving, the enemy opened fire again, but were again repulsed.

Had Gen. John Cook, with his force of 1,100, small as it was, made an attack upon Columbus, as had been arranged, simultaneous with that of Gen. Grant on Belmont, not only would the rebel army at the latter place have been entirely cut to pieces, but Columbus itself must have fallen into our hands. Why the order which Gen. Cook was waiting for, from Gen. Smith, at Paducah, was not given, I am unable to say. The mystery has never been explained. It was, doubtless, one case out of the multitude of military mismanagement. The 30th Ill. captured the only black flag that has been taken during the rebellion. The battle was one of the most severe of the campaign, considering all the circumstances.

Many have asked why this battle was fought, and what important results were accomplished by it. Gen. Grant in his official report explains his reasons for attacking the enemy, which seem conclusive. The rebels, no doubt, were about sending a force to strengthen Price, in Missouri. Grant's object was to prevent this, and also to hinder the enemy from cutting off columns of his

own men which he had just sent to Cape Girardeau in pursuit of Jeff Thompson.

Gen. McClernand's address to his brigade, the day following the battle, will show not only his appreciation of the bravery of his men, but how he felt the loss of the heroes who had fallen :

“The General commanding the 1st Brigade of Illinois Volunteers takes pleasure in meeting to-day those who conferred honor upon his command, by their gallantry and good conduct yesterday. Few of you had before seen a battle. You were but imperfectly disciplined and supplied with inferior arms. Yet you marched upon a concealed enemy of superior numbers on ground of their own choosing. You drove them steadily before you two miles of continued fighting, and forced them to take shelter in their entrenchments at Belmont, beneath the heavy batteries of Columbus. You drove them from their position and destroyed their camp, bringing with you, on returning, two hundred prisoners, two field pieces and a large amount of property.

“Reinforcements from Columbus then formed in large numbers in your rear, to cut you off, while the heavy guns were playing upon your ranks. Fighting the same ground over again,

you drove them the second time. A portion of the command, becoming separated from the rest, made a successful and well-ordered movement by another route and returned to the river.

“After a day of fatiguing marches, fighting as you marched, having been six hours actually engaged, you re-embarked and returned to your camp. On looking along our ranks, to-day, the Commanding General has cause to mourn the absence of many of his gallant men—the victims of inexorable war. Some laid down their lives on the battle field, offering their blood freely, and giving their last and most glorious moments to their country. Others bear honorable wounds and suffer more than those who died. Yet it is hoped that they will return to their duties and win new honors.”

Our loss in this battle was over 100 killed, 154 wounded, and about 90 taken prisoners. The enemy's loss is believed to have been three times as great. Among those of our officers who were taken prisoners were Surgeons Gordon and Whinnell, of the 30th and 31st Ill., who were detained over seven months before being exchanged.

Of the various interesting incidents connected with the battle of Belmont, I will notice two or

three. At the close of Congress, in July, '61, Col. Fouke, of the 30th Ill., who was a member, sat by his friend, Col. Wright, of Tenn. On his leaving to join his regiment at Cairo, Col. Wright offered him his hand and said :

“Phil., I suppose the next time we meet it will be upon the battle field, as you go to take command of your regiment, and I to mine in Tennessee.”

At the battle of Belmont they met, and the first prisoners taken were from Col. Wright's regiment by Col. Fouke's men. The next day, Col. Fouke being at Belmont with the flag of truce, to bury our dead, a lieutenant of the rebel army asked him if he rode an iron gray horse. He replied that he did. The lieutenant then told him that his colonel had saved his life. Twenty-five rifles were aimed at him at one time, when Col. Wright, looking through his glass saw who it was, and immediately turned to his men with the words :

“Boys, don't shoot ! It is my personal friend, Phil. Fouke, a Member of Congress.”

Col. Wright was afterwards shot, and died at Columbus.

Reference has been made above to Col. Dough-

erty. He was wounded three times and taken to Columbus. Three different amputations were found necessary, and he nearly lost his life. However, he was soon restored to his family, where with good attention and nursing he slowly recovered. He is now commandant of the post at Paducah. From an intimate friend of Col. Dougherty the writer received the following :

At one of the battles in Mexico, he was severely wounded in the leg by a rifle-ball, and fell from his horse. In attempting to reach the hospital, a few hundred yards distant, his strength gave way from the great loss of blood and he fainted and fell. A surgeon found him in this condition, took him to the hospital and dressed his bleeding wounds. About this time another one being brought in badly wounded, while the surgeon's attention was taken up with this new case Dougherty, feeling a little revived, slipped out of the back part of the tent, mounted his horse and rode again into the hottest of the fight. Notwithstanding the painful character of his wound, he fought with incredible valor until the close of the bloody conflict. When he returned to the hospital, all exhausted, he received a



severe reprimand from the surgeon, and when inquired of why he acted thus replied :

“The fight was not over yet, and I thought it my duty to go and do my part.”

It was several weeks before he left his bed.

The evacuation of Columbus by the rebels, the occupation by them of Island No. 10, and the subsequent capture of that stronghold, are events in the winter and spring of 1861-2, with which, no doubt, my readers are familiar. From a “contraband” preacher, an intelligent man, who was present at Island No. 10 during the siege, I obtained an “inside view” which I may here produce.

The rebels employed 1250 negroes at work on the fortifications. My informant states that a few days after he himself came a spy-boat was sent up the river to ascertain the strength and position of the federal forces. When she discovered thirty, or more, of our transports, she gave the signals which (using his own words) consisted in “squealing, ringing of her bells and firing of her cannon.” She returned, and brought the news to the General commanding that the Yankees were coming in great numbers, when the greatest consternation seemed to prevail.

The Federals had sent down a large force to hold Tipsonville, six miles below, and had cut off the supplies. For this reason as many, both of soldiers and negroes, as could be spared were sent away, as the provisions were being exhausted. The general impression seemed to be that if the Union forces had made an attack on the day of their first arrival the island must have been surrendered at once. The day after the arrival of the fleet a flag of truce was sent down demanding instant surrender. This was refused, and on the return of the flag the boats opened fire on the rebel batteries, and continued until they had shelled them all to pieces, cutting down cotton wood and sycamore trees and piling them up ten feet, or more, in height. Two or three days after, a shot from a gunboat entered the muzzle of one of the principal rebel guns, entirely unfitting it for use. At the same time the upper batteries were torn away, so that three hundred negroes worked several nights to repair them.

As no lights could be used, this work progressed slowly. At each discharge of our guns, which was every half-hour, the orders of the overseers were, as soon as they saw the flash to

drop behind the breastworks in the water; the balls coming at times sufficiently low to entirely carry away the upper part of the fortifications and often covering the darkies with mud and splinters. Then up they would scramble and at it again. They were greatly frightened, one of them exclaiming afterward, "Dis chile thought de judgment had come."

The rebels labored hard to conceal the number of their killed from the negroes. As fast as one was killed he was carried off to a tent where the dead were laid. Into this tent the negroes were forbidden to go. When they asked the reason, the reply was, "We have men under there, asleep, who guard the batteries at night." Still, sometimes in the night the darkies, frightened away from their work, would run into this tent for protection. My informant having gone in, he "felt (using his own language) of a man's leg and found it stiff. I thought I would feel higher up on his body, and I found it also stiff. I struck it, and found it dead! I said to the man who accompanied me, 'Jesse, there are dead men under here.' Jesse replied, 'Yes, and under this end, too.' He declared, then, that he would not go in again."

On returning to their tents the boys said, "Don't you see how they are fooling us? They have said that none had been killed but one man, and he was killed by a splinter."

"Yes," replied Jesse, "I put my hand on a heap of 'em."

Another said, "I didn't feel of but two; dat was enough for dis chile."

It appears that the negro has a sort of superstitious fear of a dead body, especially if it is that of a white person. This incident, accordingly, frightened them almost out of their senses, and they never went into the tent again.

In about three days after the casualty which happened to the large gun mentioned above, the rebels fired another large gun at one of our stern-wheel boats, but the shot fell a hundred yards short. The captain then ordered a double charge to be put in, when the gun burst into fragments, killing three of their gunners. Their bodies were thrown a great distance into the air, and came down mangled corpses, while the ball fell midway in the river. The rebels then abandoned their upper batteries, as our forces could tear them down as fast as they could be re-built. They then went to work on the redan, and continued

until ordered away for the safety of the negroes. Attempts were made to drill the negroes, but it was found they had no heart to fight against the North. Every time the Federals fired, the darkies would break and run.

One evening, the news came that the Yankees had been badly whipped and their army dreadfully cut to pieces at New Madrid. This caused the wildest enthusiasm among the soldiers. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, it commenced raining, with thunder and lightning; the cannon, at the same time, roaring in such fashion as made the very earth tremble. One of the overseers, Darkins by name, came into a tent occupied by several negroes, my informant among the rest, and announced his purpose to remain with them. "It seems," said he, "as if God and man were against us. We shall all be taken to-night."

Still later in the evening, a number of rebel soldiers came up from New Madrid, some without shoes, some without hats, and many almost perishing with wet and cold. They had been obliged to wade in water nearly to their necks, in many places. They brought the news that New Madrid had been taken by the Union army, with all



the wagons, ammunition and guns, and that Gen. Ross was killed. Their story was scarcely credited, but in the morning, just at day-break, the body of Gen. Ross was brought up, when universal consternation prevailed. The works on the island were soon after abandoned, and the Union forces took possession.

In this connection may be introduced a letter from Gen. Bragg to Gen. Withers, in command at Fort Pillow, not heretofore published. It affords another "inside" glimpse:

"JACKSON, TENN., MARCH 8, 1862.

"GENERAL :

"As your position is one partially isolated from your immediate commander, Gen. Polk, and you are disconnected from us officially, I have thought you would be better satisfied to learn the hopes and views of our chief. Island No. 10 and New Madrid are pretty strong, and are being strengthened, but they are not considered fully safe from both land and water attack. Fort Pillow is a better and much more defensible position. All available means are being pushed to your assistance. The 1st Alabama regiment, from Pensacola, and the 2d, from Mobile, will give you our best artillerymen. Our heavy guns, eight and ten inch, with everything complete for service, are being pushed on to you, and we hope to hear from you soon that your position is impregnable. Should New Madrid and Island No. 10 fall, you hold the left flank of our army, and on its successful defence depends the Valley of the Mississippi and our cause.

"The forces from above, when unable longer to hold out, will join you, and Gen. Polk can reinforce you from the railroad, as you are within one day's march. Gen. Beaure-

gard desires you to communicate frequently and directly with him. He will do all in his power to strengthen and sustain you. You will find many officers and men in the 1st Alabama, Lieut. Col. Steadman, fully competent to build batteries, mount guns, and then fight them. My efforts are to be directed to the Tennessee, where we are confident the enemy will soon make a heavy blow.

“Wishing you every success,

“I am very truly yours,

“BRAXTON BRAGG.”

“To Brig. Gen. Withers.”

While the rebel force at Island No. 10 were feeling the consternation that followed the taking of New Madrid, their own prospects being in consequence so gloomy and threatening, the common soldiers one after the other exclaimed, “Those rich fellows have placed us here to be killed, while they are at home, away from harm and fear.”

It was a very true saying. Yes, reader, this was undoubtedly the fact, and it is as true of one part of the rebellious territory as another. While the rich aristocrats of the South remain at home, the poor serfs (for the lowest class of whites are no better than serfs) are on the battle-field; not—all of them, at any rate—from choice, but because forced by conscription and other methods of compulsion to enter the army. Some fight from choice, but without sufficient intelligence to

know what they are fighting for. Poor creatures ! they are to be pitied. Many of them are not only unable to read and write, but cannot tell the boundaries of the town in which they were born. Yet these miserable serfs are fighting for a Democratic Government !

Many of them, to-day, could not tell whether General Andrew Jackson be dead or alive. Such profound ignorance can scarcely be found elsewhere in the civilized world. Yet they are fighting for a "better Government;" and in doing so would cast off that which has given them all the immunities they have ever had, and accept another framed by the men who have always been their oppressors ! Little do they realize their real position. Fighting to create a Government, the chief aim of whose leaders will be to make them serfs, literally, to place the poor whites on a level with the enslaved blacks.

Who that has been in our army does not know that the poor whites of the South are already thought but little, if any, better than the slaves ! They *are* poor — wretchedly poor — and because of their poverty they are despised. Yet they are fighting for the establishment of a Government which is chiefly designed to perpetuate this state

of things, to crush still more the poor, and exalt still more the rich. It is to reproduce on this Continent the worst forms of European misrule, and make the South like those oppressed nations whose population is fleeing from evils long endured but now past endurance, by tens of thousands every year. One is at a loss to say which is most to be wondered at, the unprincipled policy of the rebel leaders, or the credulity of their dupes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WESTERN BATTLES—FORT HENRY, FORT DONELSON.

Expedition under Gen. Grant—Approach to Fort Henry—The Gunboats Bombard and Take it—March to Fort Donelson—Position of the Enemy's Works—Commencement of the Battle—Brave Attack, but Desperate Resistance—A Night of Suffering—Second Day's Fight—New Disposition of Troops—A Fierce Struggle on the Third Day—The Right Wing Driven Back, but ultimately Victorious—Splendid Charge on the Left—Surrender of the Fort—Incidents.

AMONG the most important events of the war—important especially for the results that followed—was the capture of Fort Henry, followed by that of Fort Donelson. These forts, located respectively on the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers, were among those strong outposts of rebellion in Tennessee and Kentucky, the defence of which was by the rebels justly esteemed highly material to their cause. They commanded, also, those two great rivers which have since formed such a most useful medium of communi-



cation between our armies in Tennessee and Mississippi, and their sources of supply in the Northwest. The fall of Fort Donelson, besides, gave us Nashville, and in fact broke forever the strong line of defence which the rebels had stretched along their northern frontier.

Early in February, 1862, the command of Gen. Grant, embracing the troops at Cairo, Bird's Point and Paducah, were ordered to strike tents, and proceed on board transports for Fort Henry. These transports were convoyed by four iron-clad gunboats, under command of Commodore Foote. The weather was very stormy, with snow and hail. On arriving within about five or six miles of Fort Henry, the troops landed, with a view to make an attack in the rear, while the gunboats attacked in front. There was a large force of infantry on the opposite shore, under command of Gens. C. F. Smith and Lew. Wallace. The roads were found in such a state that it was almost impossible for troops to move at all, the artillery and the quartermasters' wagons being stuck in the mud. The work of reducing the fort in consequence fell almost exclusively to Commodore Foote.

That gallant officer advanced upon the enemy

and about noon of the 6th commenced the attack. The gunboats sailed up four abreast, the river being so high that they were on a level with the fort. The battle raged with much fury. The gunboat *Essex* was struck by a shot which burst the boiler, killing seven and badly wounding and scalding about thirty. After a fight of one hour and ten minutes, Gen. Tilghman, in command at the fort, raised the white flag, and the works were surrendered.

The land forces, although unable to co-operate, were only two miles distant. Had the high stage of the water and the condition of the roads allowed them to reach, as was intended, the rear of the fort, the victory would have been much more decisive. Four thousand rebels, who in that case must have been captured, escaped to Fort Donelson. Next morning Gen. Grant arrived, when Com. Foote turned over the fort to him. Gen. Tilghman and sixty of his officers and men were taken prisoners and sent to Paducah. A large number of rebels were killed during the battle, and many others during their retreat to Fort Donelson, detachments from our land force having been sent in pursuit. The fort mounted sixteen guns. These were captured,

besides a large amount of small arms, ammunition, clothing and commissary stores. Our forces remained at Fort Henry about one week, and then marched across the country to Fort Donelson, Commodore Foote returning with his fleet and ascending the Tennessee to the same point. The guns captured were all dismounted and sent to Cairo.

The two pilots of the *Essex* were scalded to death in the pilot-house, having no means of escape. Our troops buried their dead under the Stars and Stripes, in ground over which but a little before the rebel flag had waved. It was a glorious victory for our army, as it opened the road to Fort Donelson, Clarksville and Nashville. It cheered the soldiers, who felt it to be the beginning of great achievements, and gave fresh joy and hope to the loyal people of the North.

The capture of Fort Donelson was a much more difficult and more important undertaking. The battle, which from first to last covered the time between the 13th and 15th of February, inclusive, was by far the most bloody and desperate of the campaign, up to that time. The effect of the victory in the North was immense. As one correspondent says: "Such had been the in-

activity of our army, and so thoroughly had our patience been turned into sullen desperation, that when the news came of the surrender of the fort, the revulsion of feeling was overwhelming, and passions long pent up burst forth in volcanic force of joy, thanksgiving and congratulations; flags, bells, cannon, rockets, bonfires, illuminations, shouting, vainly striving to give expression" to the feelings of the people everywhere throughout the West.

The Federal army, commanded by Gen. Grant, left Fort Henry early on the morning of February 12th. The roads were still bad, especially for heavy artillery. Still the march of twelve miles from the one fort to the other, was accomplished with due celerity, and at evening our forces slept upon their arms within sight of the enemy's works. These occupied a thickly timbered ridge overlooking the Tennessee. During the night following the arrival of our troops the rebels kept themselves busily at work strengthening their fortifications. Rifle-pits had previously been prepared on an extensive scale, and abattis of felled timber. The approaches were thus made exceedingly difficult and dangerous.

Early on Thursday morning, the 13th, the bat-

the commenced on the right of Gen. McClelland's Division, the enemy opening fire with his artillery, from the inside redoubt. We follow, here, the official report of Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Soon after the battle commenced, Gen. Wallace, by order of Gen. McClelland, marched the 11th, 20th and 25th Illinois regiments, and Taylor's Battery supported by the 48th Illinois, on the ridge west of the valley, ordering Col. Dickey's cavalry to move in the rear, with detachments thrown to the right to reconnoiter towards the river and the small town of Dan, lying near on the south. Reaching the high grounds east of the valley, Taylor's Battery was put in position on the road leading to Dan, where the left of the enemy's lines rested behind entrenchments, strengthened by strong abattis in the front. The whole force continued to move steadily towards the right, Col. Ogelsby's brigade heading the artillery of his brigade and Taylor's Battery on the road. Along this road the artillery advanced, taking successive positions to the right, and keeping up a constant cannonade on the enemy's works on the right, and in the middle redoubt across the valley. "The open space furnished a fine opportunity for artillery practice



at long range, and the fire of Taylor's, Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries, warmly returned by those of the enemy in the middle redoubt and the works on his left, presented a rare example of the use of that arm of the service."

About noon, Gen. Wallace was ordered by Gen. McClermand to detach the 48th regiment to operate with the 17th Illinois of the third brigade in making an assault on the middle redoubt, on the hill west of the valley, supported by the fire of McAllister's guns. Gen. Wallace, commanding the Second Brigade, speaks in the highest praise of the manner in which both officers and men acquitted themselves on that occasion. "Forming in line, they advanced in good order across the intervening ravines, and mounted the steep height upon which the rebel works were situated in the most gallant manner, and under a heavy fire of musketry from the enemy, posted in the line of earth-works. They advanced up the hill, delivering their fire with coolness and precision."

The line not being long enough to envelop the works, by order of Gen. McClermand Gen. Wallace detached the 45th Illinois to support them on the right. "This regiment advanced in beau-

tiful order down the slope, across the valley, and up the opposite steep, with skirmishers deployed in front, and were soon warmly engaged. These operations had given the enemy time to reinforce their position with strong bodies of infantry from the reserves in the rear, and with field artillery, which opened a destructive fire on the advancing line."

About this time brisk skirmishing was going on along the whole line of the right wing, and all the regiments thus engaged suffered considerably, both in wounded and killed. It now became evident that a foe of such strength, concealed behind immense fortifications, to the construction of which they had given both time, labor and skill, were not to be easily subdued. That a victory must be bought at a heavy cost of the lives of brave men was plain; yet no man quailed, or dreamed of anything else but ultimate success. "Conquer them we shall, at whatever cost," was the unanimous sentiment.

Gen. Wallace goes on to say, in his report, that as the enemy began to show strength in his entrenchments in front of Col. Oglesby's Brigade, Schwartz's Battery was advanced to within about three hundred yards of the rebel works, but being

without cannister range they were withdrawn. By Gen. McClermand's order he directed Capt. Taylor to throw forward two sections of his battery to that position. This position being beyond Gen. Wallace's lines, the infantry support was from Col. Oglesby's Brigade, which was immediately in the rear. These sections took their positions under the most difficult and hazardous circumstances. The enemy's fire was most galling, and the ground covered with brush. While getting into position the men in charge of the guns necessarily suffered heavily.

The 13th, on the whole, was an unpropitious day to our cause. Our loss was severe, both in killed and wounded, including many officers. Col. Morrison, of the 49th Illinois, was severely wounded. The reader doubtless calls to mind as he follows these details, the sensations which a report of this day's battle produced throughout the Northwest, especially amongst those who had fathers, brothers and sons in the engagement. All were wild with excitement. News of the most unfavorable character came over the wires. There was evidently reason at that moment for gloomy apprehensions. At length night came on, and with its approach a rain set in accompan

ied by sleet and snow. The soldiers, being compelled to be out, without tents, without fires, and without blankets in many instances, all suffered severely from the cold. Some were frozen. We have one such now in mind who is probably in consequence a cripple for life. That night our Donelson heroes will long remember.

All were anxious for morning; not only for the relief it might bring, but also the opportunity to renew the battle and avenge the blood of their comrades. At length the long looked-for day came, and with it the renewal of hostilities. During the previous evening, the enemy had been strongly reinforced with additional troops, giving to the army a freshness and vigor which enabled them to resume the contest and hold at bay for a time the strong Union force. They had also been busy during the night, erecting new works for defence, in commanding positions, and mounting guns upon them.

Our own army was also reinforced, on Friday morning, by the arrival of a fleet of gunboats. The *Louisville* and the *St. Louis*, Commodore Foote in command, opened at once on the water batteries with which the river side of the fort was defended. They made, as a correspondent



expresses it, "one of the most gallant assaults, which was met by the rebels with great spirit." The *Louisville* received sixty-one shots, six balls passing into the pilot house, killing the pilot and wounding another man, and then glancing below struck with great force a lot of hammocks which the men had taken the precaution to place on the boiler to protect it. This forethought, no doubt, prevented a severe casualty, in the loss of life. The *St. Louis* received sixty-four shots. Four men were killed on her, and many badly wounded. Commodore Foote was hit in the foot, a wound slight at first but very troublesome afterwards. The boats did not succeed in silencing the water batteries, although by creating a diversion they materially aided the more effective land operations.

Throughout Friday, brisk skirmishing was going on along the whole lines, especially on the right and center, "consisting chiefly of musketry, varied by occasional discharges of artillery." The shot and shell of the enemy fell thickly around, although with less damage to the Union troops than might have been looked for. During the day, the different commanders were busy arranging for a battle on a more extensive scale.



It had become evident that the struggle must be a desperate one, with the best possible use of all the force at command.

The evening of the 14th was quiet, with occasional interruptions from the enemy's guns. Strong pickets were kept out, while the men who had borne the brunt of the fight thus far had an opportunity to get what rest might be practicable on their beds of ice and snow. The report of Gen. Wallace gives the details of the new arrangement of the troops, so far as his own brigade was concerned. McAllister's Battery was ordered from the other side of the valley, and put in position on the road. During the 14th, this Brigade "occupied a position a little in the rear of the road and under cover of the hill; the right resting on the left of Col. Oglesby's line, and being within three or four hundred yards of the salient angle of the enemy's works on his left." In this position they lay most of the day, the order of the regiments from right to left being as follows: 11th, 20th, 48th, 49th, and 17th Illinois. Taylor's Battery was placed at intervals between the 17th and 49th. McAllister's guns were distributed along the front. Dickey's Cavalry were in the rear and on the

right, to observe the enemy and guard the flank. Gen. McClernand ordered the construction of a small earth-work, to cover some of the guns, which was completed on the night of the 14th. Two of McAllister's guns, and a ten-pound rifle of the 1st Missouri artillery were placed within it next morning.

The Third Division, Gen. L. Wallace commanding, had its position in the center of the line of attack; Gen. McClernand being on the right, and Gen. C. F. Smith on the left. Saturday morning, 15th, the battle was renewed, opening on the right of the whole line, embracing the middle section where was stationed the Second Brigade. It raged hot and fierce until about eight o'clock. A messenger then came to Gen. L. Wallace from Gen. McClernand, stating that the enemy had turned his right flank, and was endangering his whole command. Upon this, Col. Cruft was immediately ordered to move his brigade to his support. They started at once, but through a mistake of the guide were led to the extreme right of the enemy's engaged lines, who rained down upon them a most deadly storm of leaden hail. Finally this gallant brigade was obliged to withdraw, which they did

under a hot fire, "and whilst the men were fighting as bravely and gallantly as men ever fought."

The battle meanwhile was raging furiously along the line, the enemy exhibiting more strength and determination than ever, "not flinching in the least from the leaden storm which raked the bushes, and ploughed the ground around them." At this juncture, reports came from stragglers who had left the extreme right that we were badly cut to pieces there. The effect was disheartening and threatened disaster. Col. Thayer was ordered to move his brigade to the support of Gen. McClelland. This officer states that, passing along the central road leading to the breastworks, they met the columns of Gen. McClelland retreating, led by their brigade commanders, Cols. Oglesby, Marsh, Wallace and McArthur; all calling for ammunition, the want of which was the cause of their misfortune. Col. Thayer moved his brigade at double quick time, and was soon between the forces of Gen. McClelland and the enemy, who were approaching. Having formed in line of battle, with Col. Cruft's brigade on the right, to prevent the enemy flanking us in the direction of the river, he awaited their coming. The enemy

came up to the center of the line, with the intention of forcing his way through to unite with those who were expected to out-flank Col. Cruft. In both these attempts he was foiled, and in turn compelled to retreat.

While this was going on, Gen. L. Wallace's brigade was suffering severely. The right of the line was giving way. Gen. Wallace having received orders to hold his position at all hazards, dispatched a message to Gen. McClellan giving an account of affairs, and expressing the fear that his right flank would be completely turned unless reinforcements should be immediately sent. Finding that none came, and that his troops were exhausting their ammunition, he gave orders to move the whole brigade to the rear up the road, with a view to form a new line of battle. Before the order was given, all the troops on the right of the brigade fell back except the 31st Illinois, which occupied the left of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Immediately adjoining the 31st was the 11th Illinois. When the order to retreat was given, it failed to reach Lieut. Col. Ransom, in command of the latter regiment, who was gallantly supporting the 31st against a fierce onslaught on the right. A messenger was then sent



by Gen. Wallace to Col. Ransom, to move his regiment by the left flank; but the messenger was shot in the field, and the message never reached its destination. For half an hour after the 11th stood under a murderous cross-fire from the front and rear of the right flank, that thinned its ranks dreadfully; "the whistling and singing rebel bullets falling like a storm of hail about them."

The left flank of the 11th was now turned by rebel cavalry, and Col. Ransom, seeing his men surrounded on three sides by the enemy and falling like grain before the sickle, while he himself was wounded in the shoulder, gave the order to fall back, which the regiment reluctantly obeyed. Slowly and in good order they retired, until they reached the abattis, where they had to crawl on their hands and knees over and under the fallen timber, cutting their way through the rebel cavalry. The losses of this regiment, according to the official report, were 68 killed, 188 wounded, 79 missing; whole number, 335. Some companies lost every commissioned officer. Every orderly sergeant was either killed or wounded. An officer who participated in this desperate struggle and was wounded, remarked "that the scene beg-



gared all description, and must be beyond the conception of those who were not present." He further says that he "scarcely exaggerates when he declares that so thickly was the battle-field strewn with the dead and wounded, that he could have traversed it, taking about every step upon a prostrate body."

"About three o'clock, P. M., Gen. Grant rode up the hill and ordered another advance on the left of the enemy's line, while Gen. Smith should attack the right. At Gen. McClellan's request, Gen. Wallace undertook the former. On examining the ground and selecting the position to be carried, he found it to be the very ground lost in the morning. He quickly arranged the column of attack. At the head were placed the 8th Missouri, Col. M. L. Smith, and the 11th Indiana, Col. Geo. McGinnis; the two regiments forming a brigade under Col. Smith. Col. Cruft's brigade completed the column. As a support, two Ohio regiments, under Col. Ross, moved up and were advanced on the left flank of the assailing force, but held in reserve." Meantime a plan was also matured for attacking the enemy's lines on the left, of which we shall speak soon.

Gen. Wallace remarks in his report, that "be-

ing aware of the desperate character of the enterprise, I formed the regiments as they moved on, and they answered with cheers and cries of 'Forward! Forward!' and I gave the word. My directions as to the mode of attack were general, merely to form columns of regiments, march up the hill which was the point of assault, and deploy as occasion should require. Col. Smith observed the form, attacking with the 8th Missouri in front. It is at least three hundred steps from the base to the top of the hill. The ascent is much broken by out-cropping ledges of rock, and for the most part impeded by dense underbrush. Smith's place of attack was clear but rough and stony. Cruft's was through trees and brush. The enemy's lines were distinctly visible on the hill-side. Evidently they were ready.

"Col. Smith began the fight without waiting for the First Brigade. A line of skirmishers from the 8th Missouri sprang out and dashed up, taking intervals as they went, until they covered the head of the column. A lively fire opened on them from the rebel pickets, who retired, obstinately contesting the ground. In several instances, assailant and assailed sought cover behind the same tree. About quarter the way up, they

received the first volley from the hill-top ; around it ran a long line of fire, disclosing somewhat of the strength of the enemy. Instantly, under orders of Col. Smith, both his regiments lay down. The skirmishers were the chief victims. Geo. B. Swarthout, captain of Co. H, 8th Missouri, was killed, gallantly fighting far in the advance. Meantime their own firing was constant and deadly.

“Col. Cruft’s line was now marching up in support, and to the right of Col. Smith. The woods through which he moved seemed literally to crackle, with musketry. Finally, the 8th and 11th cleared the hill, driving the rebel regiments at least three quarters of a mile before them, and halting within one hundred and fifty yards of the entrenchments, behind which the enemy took refuge.” In the General’s report, he speaks in the highest terms of both officers and men, for their gallantry in this contest. “Company officers all won honors and lasting praise. Nor can less be given to the valor and endurance of the men who composed their regiments.”

While these events were transpiring another victory was won on the left. The work of storming the enemy’s camp in that quarter had

been assigned to Col. Tuttle,—now Brigadier General Commanding, at Cairo,—who was right willing to undertake it. He called his men into line of battle, and advancing with his left wing led his three hundred “Hawkeyes” upon the rebel bastions, behind which were grouped many thousands of the enemy. Waving his hat as a signal of cheer to his men and of defiance to the enemy he rushed forward with his brave followers, under a shower of bullets, across the intervening ravine and through the abattis, then surmounting the works plunged into the midst of the rebels in their very camp, driving all who opposed at the point of the bayonet. Such a cheer then went up as is seldom heard. This exploit placed Col. Tuttle and his regiment, the 2d Iowa, among the heroes of the war.

As no other regiments came to its assistance the successful detachment was ordered to fall back to the breastworks, which it did in good order. The guns mounted on the works were seized and turned, with signal effect, upon the enemy. The struggle was brief, but its results were important. A lodgment had been gained within the rebel entrenchments; the success of the enterprise proving what the Union soldiers



could dare and could do. The rebel Generals did not think proper to test the question further. Gen. Pillow, during the night, abandoned the works, with four or five thousand men, and on the following morning Gen. Buckner sent to Gen. Grant a proposal for a suspension of arms. We copy the correspondence :

"Owing to the situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock to-day.

"Very Respectfully,

"S. B. BUCKNER, Brig. Gen. Com. C. S. A.

"To Brig. Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding  
the U. S. forces near Fort Donelson."

"HEAD QUARTERS IN THE FIELD, }  
Fort Donelson, Feb. 16, '62. }

"Gen. S. B. BUCKNER, C. S. A.

"DEAR SIR :

"Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners, to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen. Commanding."

Buckner's reply was as follows :

"To Brig. Gen. U. S. GRANT, U. S. A.

"SIR :

"The distribution of the forces under my command,



incident to an unexpected change of commanders, compels me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"S. B. BUCKNER, Brig. Gen. C. S. A."

Thus ended one of the severest and best contested battles ever fought on the American Continent. It has been impossible, as it must always be in such cases, to give anything like an adequate description of it. "How desperately our men fought, how terribly they suffered, can never be fully known. They fell in heaps, dead and wounded. Companies were bereft of their Captains and Lieutenants, and Captains were almost bereft of companies." We regret that our limited space will not allow a more particular account of the part borne in the struggle by the several regiments respectively. Most of them acted most gallantly. Officers were distinguished throughout by their deeds of noble daring; many of them received promotions for the bravery and skill manifested in the field. Cols. Oglesby, Marsh and Logan, when they saw their lines breaking and their regiments falling back, rode along the ranks waving their hats and cheering their men to the conflict. "Suffer death," cried

Logan, "but disgrace never! Stand firm, yield not an inch!"

The same may be said of the privates. They fought like tigers. Never was greater courage displayed than during this series of battles. It should be remembered under what disadvantages the attack was made; strong earthworks, in a position selected for its remarkable adaptation to purposes of military defence, with the approaches made almost insuperably difficult by abattis of felled trees and by rifle-pits, the whole manned by from ten to fifteen thousand determined rebels animated by every passion that could spur men on to fight, and amply supplied with every kind of warlike instruments—it was a gigantic undertaking, executed in a manner that has covered the soldiers of the Western army with glory.

Some of the subordinate facts and incidents connected with this battle may be here noticed. One correspondent remarked, "The Sabbath was a glorious day of rest to our army. They could then well understand the philosophy as well as the inspired wisdom and meaning of those words: 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.'" "I noticed," says the same correspondent, after he had visited the field, "in

some cases the last life-expression of the countenance, and position of the body, stereotyped by the death blow. One soldier, evidently just ready to cap his gun, still held the cap firmly between his thumb and forefinger. Another, an officer, held his sword-hand aloft and clenched (the sword had been stolen from the dead man) as if cheering and leading his men in the death charge. The expression of one, in death, seemed, though silent, eloquently to say, 'We have conquered — the day is ours.' Another received his death wound in his left breast, and directly through the photograph likeness of some beloved one. A Christian soldier (a captain in the 8th Illinois) while waiting his turn to have his wound dressed — a fatal one the surgeon said — was perfectly calm and quite resigned. While the writer was sitting by his side, he commenced that simple Christian melody, 'There is a happy land,' etc., and under the circumstances gave it a sublime rendering."

In the *American Messenger* for January, 1863, is an interesting sketch, headed, "A Fort Donelson Hero," which may be appropriately transferred to these pages. There is more than one beautiful lesson in it:

“Among the Union troops in the battle of Donelson was an Illinois soldier who was remarkable for his boldness and wickedness in camp. For years previous to enlisting he had been a ring-leader in drinking, gambling and almost every other vice. Removed from restraints in the army, he often shocked his comrades by his wickedness and profanity. In the battle on that sad morning in February last, he distinguished himself by courage and daring. In one of the charges of the enemy he received a terrible wound from a minie ball, in the thigh. As he lay bleeding on the battle field, his life-blood mingling with the snow, he thought of death and eternity. His sins arose before him like a mountain, and filled him with dismay. He was removed to a hospital in a Western city, where everything which kindness and medical skill could suggest, was done for his relief. There he lay on his cot, suffering intense pain for long, weary weeks. He was visited by Christian ladies and ministers, who sought to lead him to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and their labors were not in vain in the Lord. The heart which for years had been stout against God began to relent. Penitence, that sweetest emo-



tion of the mind, was often seen in his eyes and heard in his voice.

“One Sabbath afternoon, while the writer was in the room, he requested some ladies present to join him in singing

‘There is a fountain filled with blood,’ etc.

The wounded soldier seemed to drink in the spirit of that hymn. After reading a few verses concerning the dying thief, earnest prayer was offered for his soul. While all were kneeling before the Lord, he was pleased to hear and answer. The afflicted man burst into tears and sobbed aloud, ‘O Lord, have mercy! O Jesus, save a guilty sinner!’ He continued weeping and praying for some time. Then the friends sang that precious hymn,

‘Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me.’

There was not one dry eye in the room, all wept and sung together,

“As the writer took the soldier’s hand in his he said, ‘Now, M——, will you not give yourself to Christ, just as you are?’

“He said with tears, ‘I will! I will!’

“His whole soul was filled with a sense of his guiltiness and of Christ’s mercy. As the friends who witnessed this affecting scene left him, they



expressed a hope that he would soon find pardon and peace in believing. They were not disappointed. He laid hold on Christ, touched the hem of his garment, and was made clean. He gave himself to Christ, and found, what every soul finds that receives Christ, peace in believing. He continued in this happy frame of mind until four months after he received the wound, when he slept in Jesus. Though his sufferings were severe, he bore them with resignation, and was comforted in looking unto Jesus. He often expressed wonder that God should have spared his life amidst all his wickedness. 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' "

The following stirring lines by Rev. W. C. Richards, now of Boston, well express the sensations felt throughout the North, as news from Donelson field flew over the wires:

There are glad hearts and sad hearts  
By millions to-day;  
As over the wires the magical fires  
Are flashing the tidings of Donelson's fray.  
Hearts swelling with rapture  
For Donelson's capture;  
Hearts breaking with aching  
For Donelson's slain.  
Oh! whether the glory  
Of Cumberland's story  
Or grief for the slaughter

That purpled the water  
In our bosoms should reign —  
We leave in its doubt,  
And join in the shout,  
The tumultuous hosanna  
That greets our dear banner  
From Donelson's ramparts in triumph flung out.

Some to-morrow, for sorrow,  
Let Donelson claim !  
When over the dead the dirges are said ;  
But to-day shall be vocal with victory's fame.  
Hearts throbbing with rapture  
For Donelson's capture ;  
Forgetting that blood, like a flood,  
In its storming was shed.  
Oh ! matchless the glory  
Of Cumberland's story,  
By our cannon rehearsed ;  
By our bards to be versed,  
When Rebellion is dead !  
For joy-bells and chorus,  
The passion comes o'er us,  
To ring and to sing  
For tidings that bring  
The downfall of Treason in vision before us.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WESTERN BATTLES—IUKA, CORINTH, ARKANSAS POST.

The Enemy Propose to Recover Lost Ground—Battle of Iuka—Results of Victory not Secured—Price Reinforced by Van Dorn and Lovell—The Enemy March on Corinth—Preparation to Receive them—The Attack Begins—Our own Troops Driven Within the Works—Results of First Day's Fighting—Moving of Troops During the Night—The Works Stormed and Entered—A Vigorous Rally and a Victory—Incidents—The Vicksburg Disaster—Expedition to Arkansas Post—Preliminary Cannonade by Gun Boats—General Attack on the Day Following—Trophies and Prisoners.

Corinth, as already intimated, is famous as the base of operations of the Army of the Mississippi during the summer and autumn of '62, and on account of the great battle fought there. In the spring of the year just named, immediately after the battle at Pittsburg, and while the two armies were in such close proximity at this point, the eyes of the whole civilized world were turned towards it, watching the developments on which depended such important results. At

length, as before related, the rebel army withdrew, choosing for their new base of operations another point still further South; doubtless with the design of drawing our army down into those parts where the diseases incident to that climate would fight for them better than cannon, or musketry. During this time the Union force held the town, making such improvements as their leaders considered necessary for the benefit of the army and the defence of the place. With the amount of strength there concentrated, the town was considered safe against any attack which might be attempted by the rebels.

In the early part of autumn, it became evident that large forces of the enemy were in the neighborhood, and that an effort to recover possession of Corinth was about to be made. Gen. Grant, accordingly, arranged measures for intercepting the enemy and deranging his plans. A chief point then held by the rebels was Iuka, a little town about twenty miles South-East of Corinth. They numbered some 20,000, under command of "that fox," Gen. Price. A force under Gen. Rosecrans attacked them, and after a close fight effectually defeated them. Between two and three hundred of the rebels were killed, besides

a large number left wounded on the field, and others taken prisoners. Had Gen. Grant co-operated with Rosecrans, as was expected, the rebel army might have been "bagged," and Corinth been saved from any further trouble from that source. Some of these things, now so inexplicable, will doubtless be explained hereafter, and censures will then rest where they belong.

After the battle of Iuka, the rebels were reinforced by the troops of Van Dorn, from Arkansas, and Lovell from New Orleans. They were, thus, very soon in condition for a renewal of active hostilities. On the 1st of October Gen. Rosecrans, then in command at Corinth, ascertained that Price's army was approaching, and preparation was at once made to give it a warm reception. A strong picket force was sent out, while the Sixth Division (Gen. McArthur's) was directed to engage the enemy, and if possible draw them into our lines, where our immense artillery could play upon them. The attack of the enemy, it is admitted, was well-planned and bravely sustained. If the defense had not been equally skillful and equally brave Corinth would surely have fallen into their hands. Indeed, when the disparity of force, twelve thousand



Federals against thirty-five thousand Confederates, is taken into the account, it must be conceded that the palm of generalship and of bravery belongs to the army of the Union.

On the morning of the 3d our pickets were driven in, and the Division of Gen. McArthur vigorously attacked. The Union men slowly gave way, according to their orders, and a scattering fire continued until ten o'clock, when the enemy came in sight of our center works. In this and the subsequent preliminary engagements the loss on our side was greater than during the whole battle afterwards, as the fighting was done on our retreat, and against great odds. The works which the enemy now found themselves facing were those which they themselves had constructed a few months before, for their own protection. They had now to attack and take them by storm.

By this time, the Second Division, under command of Gen. Davis, was at hand, and ready to receive the advancing rebels at the point of the bayonet. It was supported by a battery. The enemy soon came on in overwhelming force, routing the Union troops and capturing two pieces of our artillery. Our forces withdrew a short dis-

tance, and forming another line of battle awaited once more the approach of the foe. Soon they came up and again our men were driven back. In this manner every inch of ground was contested until about four in the afternoon, when the enemy came within range of our batteries. Fort Robinette and a battery of light artillery stationed near opened on them with good effect and forced them back into the woods. The day being now so far spent, they did not renew the attack that evening.

The enemy had marched ten miles on the morning of that day, and it speaks much for their power of endurance that they fought so well in the heat after so long a march. Doubtless the retreat of our forces (which was designed by our superior officers for the purpose of drawing the rebels within range of the artillery) stimulated them onward. They had left all behind, even food and blankets, in their hurried march, and were expecting to draw their next supplies from our Commissary stores in Corinth. They had come through cornfields, and many of the men had put some raw corn in their haversacks, and when killed this was all the food found on them, a circumstance which led army correspondents to

conclude that they were in a starving condition. They had, in fact, plenty of provisions, but it was not within their reach at the time when most needed;—just as it was with our men, at Fort Donelson. During the first day's fight the right of the rebels was commanded by Gen. Price, the left by Gens. Van Dorn and Lovell.

The battle, as it raged at three o'clock on the 3d, is thus described by Chaplain Thomas, of the 52d Illinois :

“Our force formed a line of battle on a hill overlooking the town of Corinth, where the great struggle of the day occurred. Before it came, a large number of our men had been sun-struck, and had to be carried from the field. The wounded had become numerous on both sides, and two from each company of the enemy had been detailed to take care of their wounded. All along our lines it could be seen that a determination was felt not to retreat another inch. The brows of the men and officers were knit, and their lips compressed with an expression of decision. About twenty minutes after that, they came in hosts up against us, and terrible volleys of musketry were sent pelting into their very faces. The scene was fearful; the enemy fell back a few

yards, reformed, and came up again. At this time they made a blunder and fired into the second Texas regiment. For a little time they were in confusion, our guns meantime playing on them with great slaughter. They fell on their faces and returned the fire, still unflinching.

“The battle, at this time, was fearful as can well be imagined. The enemy saw that the odds was now against them, as our artillery was posted in the best position possible, and they could find no good one for theirs. If they had, it would have availed them but little during their confusion. Besides, they were far less supplied with artillery, especially big guns, than we were.” Yet it was astonishing how they used what small guns they had. “Jumping up from the ground, at length, they charged upon us splendidly, taking one gun of the 1st Missouri Battery, ‘Lady Richardson;’ and then commenced the most sullen and angry retreat ever witnessed. Gen. Hackleman, a noble specimen of his race, was killed, Adjutant Brainard, of the 2d Illinois, and a host of others. Gen. Oglesby was wounded and very many besides. That was our most fatal hour during the two days fight. Men retreated, bleeding and mad, heads drooping, and



blood flowing from hundreds. We left noble men, dead and wounded, to the cruel mercies of the rebels. Quite a number were then and there taken prisoners, men who were overcome with heat and were unable to retreat. No man who joined in that last retreat of Friday, will ever forget it. Many of our best officers began to think that before night the rebels would be in possession of Corinth and we all prisoners. Some of our wounded became so excited and determined on further resistance, that they would make desperate efforts to get away from those who were trying to place them in safety, that they might go and fight again. Slowly and sadly we retreated towards battery Robinette, expecting to see the enemy follow us up slowly."

They did follow, no doubt, until they came in sight of the formidable breastworks, and saw the big guns, with open mouths, waiting for their approach. This was something the rebels had not expected, perhaps, as they came no farther. Thus closed the battle on Friday. Just at night-fall, Stanley's Division arrived from towards Ripley, which encouraged our men greatly. The Western Sharp-shooters, 14th Missouri, were on Provost Guard duty, and as yet had not been in



the fight. These, with the exception of those still on guard, were thrown forward, North of the town and East of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, deployed out and ordered to advance until they met the enemy. Proceeding about a quarter of a mile they fell in with the enemy's pickets, and falling back a short distance they laid down so near that during the night they could distinctly hear the enemy talking.

But the rebels were not idle. They were moving troops and getting ready to make an early and desperate assault; supposing, from their success during the day, that the hardest of their task was done. Our troops were also busy—or at least the officers—in arranging for the coming day. Gen. Rosecrans seemed everywhere present during the night. The positions of regiments were changed, as found necessary from time to time to meet changes in the disposition of the enemy's force.

During the night, the rebels had placed two pieces of cannon in position in full sight of the town, and day had scarcely dawned when they opened fire. Our batteries soon got their range, and before sunrise their guns, and the Captain commanding them, were over. Thus their plans

were again frustrated. They now commenced moving their force, evidently with the intention of taking the town by storm. Between nine and ten A. M., they made a desperate charge on Fort Robinette. They came across two hundred yards of fallen timber facing three of our batteries, without wavering. Their flag fell four times, but never touched the ground. Some one would instantly grasp it and bring it up again.

On they came, until within twenty feet of the Fort, when the line halted. Col. Rogers, who was leading the charge, noticing this grasped the flag and called on his men to follow him. They obeyed, but his words had scarcely left his lips when he was shot down; a hundred bullets, it is said, passing through him. While this was going on, our two regiments supporting the battery, one on the right and the other on the left, poured a galling fire into the enemy's ranks, and after a short but most bloody contest, routed them and drove them back, leaving sixty of their number to "bite the dust." Strange to say, that flag which had fallen four times during the charge, and had been planted on the fort by their own leader, was taken back in safety; none of our men being able to capture it from them.

Meanwhile, the enemy was preparing for a charge upon Battery Richardson, directly north of the town. The sharpshooters on guard during the night had joined their regiment, which now extended from the M. & O. R. R. east as far as it could reach. The Yates Sharpshooters had also been placed behind them to support them, while the infantry were still on the right, to prevent any flank movement. The enemy advanced in solid columns, several regiments deep; but the sharpshooters met them gallantly, and poured a very destructive fire into them, which much impeded their progress. However, on they came, filling up the front ranks as fast as they fell, and our men were forced back before them. As soon as they came to the foot of the hill, they were in range of three batteries, Richardson, Robinette and Williams; but notwithstanding all this, they raised their accustomed yells and went up the hill like a storm, sweeping everything before them.

They had scarcely reached the summit when they charged on Battery Richardson and drove every man from the works. For a moment things looked dark. Many said, "The town is gone!" But the work of death still went on. At this

critical moment Madison's battery of twenty-four pounders, situated on the south of the town, opened on the enemy with a terrible destruction, firing shell, grape and canister. Their ranks were becoming much thinner. Our men had already fallen back to Gen. Grant's old Headquarters, and the rebels were rushing into the streets with apparently unexpected success. But the Union troops formed another line, farther back. As soon as this was done they charged on the enemy with irresistible force, slaying them in the streets, and soon compelled them to retreat to the woods. Shout after shout went up from our men all along the lines, as the enemy ran, while the cannon sent balls and shells whistling after them through the woods. The enemy was routed, the victory was complete, and Corinth was safe. They, indeed, formed again and made another slight charge, ; but it was only a feint, to cover their retreat. About sunset several regiments arrived from Bethel to reinforce us, but the work was done. At one next morning, a detachment of troops started in pursuit of the retreating foe, and followed them until their army was completely routed and all their trains burned and destroyed.

Thus was achieved one of the most signal victories of the war.

No western battle had, previous to this, been so well managed on our side. Gen. Rosecrans, besides, had the entire confidence of his men. He was greeted all day long, on Saturday, wherever he went, with shouts and cheers, and a shower of hats and caps in the air. The army saw that he was awake and knew what the enemy were doing, and that they would not surround us and take us by surprise while we had Rosecrans to lead us.

It was on Sunday, Oct. 5th, that our forces commenced to follow up the enemy. On the same day the battle of the Hatchie was fought, which resulted in such great losses to the enemy. It was there that Gen. Ord was wounded, fighting most gallantly. On the same occasion Gen. Hurlbut distinguished himself as few men do.

From C. McGoram, Assistant Surgeon of the 7th Iowa, I have the following incidents: "On the evening of Oct. 5th, I arrived from Corinth at Camp Montgomery, three miles southwest of Corinth, where we had pitched our hospital tent on the morning of the 3d, in order to have our



sick at a suitable distance from the field of action. While I was dispensing medicines to the sick, the rebels fired on our tent, not sparing us although we had our hospital flag in plain view. Even this was no safeguard to our poor sick men, many of whom could not use a limb to protect themselves against the murderous fire. Seeing the state of affairs, I became exasperated at such hellish and wanton cruelty. I mounted a horse, under a never-ceasing fire of the enemy, rallied the men that were left in scattering camps, of whom not one was a soldier proper, but all teamsters, nurses, cooks and convalescents, and turning on the cowardly assassins killed seven of them and compelled the remainder to beat a hasty retreat. We had only one man wounded in the skirmish. I hastened to Corinth, to the commander of the post; but meeting Gen. Bosworth on the way, a Mississippian, I think a gentleman, I reported to him the nature of the attack. He told me he had intimation of such a force, but as the greater part of our army were on that day following the retreating forces of Price and Van Dorn we had but few troops to spare. By command of Gen. Bosworth, I returned to camp, bringing back all the stragglers I

could. We thus collected quite an effective force, which the rebels did not see fit to attack."

Another incident from the same: "There was in our hospital tent a Union soldier, shot through the forehead; the ball passing into the brain proper. This brave soldier was shot on the 3d or 4th of October. I saw him on the 5th; he lay in a comatose state. When I roused him with questions he answered rationally, but would immediately after relapse into the same condition as before. The most remarkable thing was that this man lived until the 9th, while the brain oozed out, drop by drop. At least one quarter of the brain passed off before life became extinct. It was an extraordinary case. I would scarcely have believed it, had I not seen it personally."

Still another, of a similar kind, from the same: "On Sunday, Oct. 5th, a rebel was carried off the battle field, and lodged in a shed hut by himself. On examination of him, I found the whole of the frontal bones carried off by a shell, from the margin of the nose, including the eyes, to the Lambdoidal Suture, together with the greater surface of the brain, contiguous to these parts. I conversed with this rebel for twenty minutes, and he answered all my interrogatories with as

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much correctness as if nothing had happened to him. His mind became after a time somewhat wandering. He would ask, 'Have we won the day?' and similar questions. This man lived until the 10th."

The rebels in these successive fights showed great bravery. While they were storming Fort Robinette, they came to the very ditch of the fort between the big guns. Some clambered up the side of the breastworks and fell in ghastly heaps; others came into the forts to die there. They were butchered all around these forts, like mad dogs. The poor men who were mangled, and not yet dead, cursed the Generals who had led them on, in their dying moments, in the most shocking manner. While retreating from Fort Robinette, as they saw that to stay there was death, Capt. Foster threw up his arm, and leaping from the ground with the exclamation, "My God!" fell dead; the upper part of his head being carried away by a shell, and the blood spouting into the air from the wound.

One poor soldier, dying opposite Fort Richardson, begged Chaplain Thomas to send word to his mother how he died. Another prayed him not to leave him till he should get into the hospital.

Opposite Fort Richardson, Gen. Johnson was killed. The mangled bodies of living and dead before those forts should be seen, if one would have any adequate idea of them;—heads carried off so that no trace of them could be found—so with limbs—others having all the flesh torn off the bones leaving them white and bare.

An eyewitness describes the scene as he saw it a day or two after: "Col. Chetlain rode with us over the battle field of Corinth, and described the scenes of the two days' strife. We stood before Fort Robinette, and beside the grave of that desperate rebel, Col. Rogers, where thirty-six of his brave followers lay in one pile within six feet of the ditch. We stood upon the spots where Gens. Hackleman and Oglesby fell, cheering on their troops in that deadly conflict. Over fifteen hundred of the enemy lie in the graves to which they were committed by our victorious troops after their surviving companions had fled the field. O, the horrible devastation of war! May God speedily bring it to a righteous and perpetual end!"

The battle of Corinth was the last vigorous and combined effort of the enemy to recover lost ground north of Vicksburg. Making the last-



named city their next stronghold, they concentrated their forces there, as much as possible, completing the fortifications necessary to the defence of the place. I pass over the unfortunate attempt of Gen. Sherman to take that city; nor do I offer any judgment upon the causes of his failure. Our troops were repulsed with heavy loss of life, and compelled to retire to the fleet. The vessels of the fleet being still exposed to the enemy's fire, without either the means of protection, or of effectual retaliation, it was decided to return. In the hope of redeeming to some extent the *prestige* of the Union arms, an expedition was then undertaken against Arkansas Post.

This was a strong fort, well garrisoned, on the Arkansas river, some forty miles above its mouth. Our troops in transports were convoyed by Admiral Porter, with his flag-ship the *Black Hawk*, the *St. Louis*, the *Louisville* and the *Pittsburgh*, four stern-wheel gunboats of the "Mosquito Fleet," and the ram *Queen of the West*. A landing was made on Saturday, a mile below the fort, under cover of the gunboats but out of sight of the enemy's works. The shore being heavily timbered, at this point, our officers were enabled to arrange their mode of attack without



interruption. The reports of scouts made it apparent that the rebel position was a strong one. Earthworks of considerable size were well defended with both men and guns.

The disposition of the land force having been duly completed, the gunboats proceeded up the river, and about three p. m. commenced the attack; the troops on shore marching simultaneously. A correspondent says: "A bayou interfering with our advance, a division sent out for the purpose discovered a way to get over it, but met rifle pits. These were flanked with some difficulty, consuming the remainder of Saturday." At this time some fifty rebel prisoners had been taken. The 8th Missouri, being deployed as skirmishers, drove in the whole opposing force, formed in line of battle, and nearly surrounded the enemy. This was the work of Saturday.

Meantime the gun-boats had been busy. They moved up to within a few hundred yards and engaged the heaviest batteries of the fort. Until about nine in the evening, the cannonade was very heavy; eight, nine and ten inch guns being used on both sides. The enemy's position, on the high bluffs of the river was such, however, as to render them comparatively safe from the

fire of the gun-boats in their first attack. Still, one of their heaviest guns was silenced. About nine o'clock, the vessels dropped down beyond range and the firing ceased.

At length Sunday morning came; God's blessed Sabbath being once more to witness a scene of carnage and slaughter. It became evident soon, that the night had been employed by the rebels in fortifying their position, and making it more safe from the Federal attacks. Our land forces now advanced with their artillery to secure positions better adapted for their purpose. The whole of the forenoon was thus occupied in stationing artillery and forming lines of battle while the enemy were no less hurriedly employed in throwing up earthworks. At about one o'clock the battle was renewed; "the gun-boats and river batteries," as the correspondent relates from whom we quote, "fighting an earnest duel. For three and a half hours, the duel continued. On each side every nerve was strained for victory. The casemates of the fort were made of solid timber covered with railway iron, supposed to have been impenetrable; but the iron hail from our heavy guns on the gunboats was too much for them. The battered rails tumbled down,

splinters from the timbers flew with fatal effect among the Confederates; the second shot entered a casemate and killed seven rebels; by another, a caisson exploded, killing six men and nine horses."

A correspondent who was in the action says: "The thundering artillery was grand and awful. Our fire was all concentrated upon the fort. Round shot and shell tore huge rents in the parapet, dismounted guns, turned others round on their carriages and riddled the embrasures and barracks in the midst of a cloud of dirt and splinters and limbs of men. And still the garrison worked on. Twice they left their guns and were driven back at the point of the bayonet. They stood by their guns until eight heavy ones were disabled." The same correspondent, who was present at the taking of Fort Henry, and who witnessed also the battle between the Union gunboats and the rebel fort at Arkansas Post, says that, "while the cannonade of the former was quite equal to that of the latter in mettle and resolution, the firing of this last quite excelled it in aim and stubbornness."

While this cannonade was at its height, our whole line — nine brigades of infantry — opened

upon the enemy's infantry, which was behind rifle-pits and abattis, in a line extending from the river below to the river above in our front. The writer is unable to name the particular regiments engaged. The officers in command compliment the men highly, for the valor and coolness with which they fought. In return, the men praise their officers. Gens. Smith, Morgan, Sherman and McClernand are agreed on all hands to have done their whole duty, and done it well. The different batteries are also complimented for the precision and steadiness of their fire. The infantry and artillery both advanced, as it were step by step, raining upon the enemy a perfect shower of grape and canister; approaching to such a close proximity to the enemy that our men fought them with muskets and revolvers.

The rebels held out, thus, until their artillery horses were shot down, and their cannon silenced for lack of men to work them. At last, finding their case a hopeless one, they raised a white flag, when all firing ceased. It was now about half-past four, P. M. Such a cheer went up when the white flag appeared, as was seldom heard. One of the brave boys remarked, in his correspondence, "You ought to have witnessed

the scene, and heard the shouts. Cheer after cheer went up, making the very air tremble. We had fought them in their own strong-hold upon their own chosen ground; they behind strong, entrenched positions, and we in the open field; and after three and a half hours hard fighting they were ours." How appropriate that he should exclaim in concluding his correspondence, "Glory to God in the highest; and honor and praise to our brave boys who maintained on that day the old Stars and Stripes!"

The same writer speaks in the highest praise and admiration of the part borne in the battle by the fleet. "It was no wonder," he says, "that we succeeded, when our gunboats went up within one hundred and fifty yards and silenced their 120-pounder at two fires, without the loss of a man, and soon after other heavy guns of the fort; then went up the river beyond and cut off the enemy's retreat. All did nobly, and behold the result! With the loss of only 350, killed and wounded, we took nearly 7000 prisoners, twenty cannon, 8000 small arms, their Gen., Churchill, and all their baggage, tents, mules, horses, with a large amount of army stores." It was a signal



victory, and in some measure atoned for the disaster before Vicksburg.

The appearance of the prisoners taken at Arkansas Post, as I saw them soon afterwards, gave one but a poor idea of the attractions of the rebel service. Many of them had pieces of carpeting thrown over their shoulders, others hearth rugs, others coffee sacks and grain bags, with holes cut out for the head and arms; others still were ornamented with bed blankets, &c. Most of them wore butternut clothes, badly threadbare, while of shoes the greater portion were entirely destitute. Poor fools! fighting, they knew not for what. Their appearance indicated not only poverty but ignorance. I could scarcely imagine a worse evil to come upon myself, than to be compelled to live in the midst of such a race. Should all the ruin and desolation that seem to threaten be visited upon the South, there will be some consolation in knowing that it opens one of the finest countries in the world to a people better prepared to improve its advantages, and who may be expected to introduce there the arts and manners necessary to give tone to civilization and character to society.

## CHAPTER X.

### CAIRO AND THE "CONTRABANDS."

Contraband Camps Transferred to Cairo — Description of the Town — "Town Pumps" — Public Buildings — Mud and Rats — Society — A Six Months' Service — Negro Characteristics — Reverence — Teachableness — Loyalty — Attachment and Fidelity — Religious Susceptibility — The Vices Most Prevalent — Will they Fight? — How to Improve Them — Adieus.

I return, now, to matters more personal to myself. In the autumn of 1862, it was decided to fix the Contraband Camp at Cairo, Illinois, and at that place it remained, until the spring of 1863. Being retained still in charge, my sphere of duty was accordingly transferred to that somewhat renowned city. In April of the year last named, the Camp was again removed to Island No. 10, and my own state of health requiring a change, Rev. B. Thomas, Chaplain of the 52d Illinois, was placed in charge, and to myself the duty temporarily assigned of collecting implements, seed, &c., for the Island Farm, and clothing for the poor blacks themselves.

The name of Cairo, no doubt, is familiar to all my readers; many of whom have probably visited the place, while others have only heard of it "by the hearing of the ear." I venture the assertion, however, that the half was never told — a complete pen-picture of Cairo, in fact, being wholly out of the question. It is a place, necessarily, of considerable importance. At the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, and the confluence of those two great rivers, the Ohio and the Mississippi, its location gives it an interest second to but few points south of Chicago and St. Louis. Since the commencement of the war, the Government business here has been immense, not only employing a great number of workmen, but bringing into the place a large amount of capital, thus imparting to it a life and animation unparalleled in its former history.

The town is built on a peninsula, which lies so low as to require a vast amount of filling in to make it safe in time of high water. The levee about the town, guarding it against the waters of the two rivers, cost immense sums, and still more expense will be needed to make the place secure against spring freshets. On the Ohio levee are noticed already several breaks which, if not re-

paired before another season, will endanger the town.

In the Spring of 1862, as we passed the place on our way to Tennessee, we were not a little amazed at seeing the pumps at work pumping water out of the town; the first operation of the kind we ever chanced to witness. Well, Cairo is a complete tub, and unless it is filled up, steam power, or some other power, must be employed in pumping out its waters. The power usually at work is steam. Whether “Darkie power” will ever be substituted for this remains to be seen. As things are now working such a substitution would be a great economy, as it is becoming quite common for Government, even, to employ this species of power with as little thought of remuneration as if the black men were, indeed, but a kind of machine. Many are employed through the town, and turned off in the same manner.

Cairo has a population of about 7000, and is surely destined, from its location, to become much larger. Its public buildings are not very pretentious. The St. Charles, its principal hotel, stands on what seems amidst the surrounding flatness quite an eminence, and has somewhat of an im-

posing appearance. The churches are of ordinary size, but neat and attractive. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Stewart, we have often listened to with interest and profit. He is one of that class of ministers who do not hesitate to declare "the whole counsel of God." He cannot fail of doing much good, in sowing the seed of life.

Among the things most noticeable in Cairo is its *mud*. In fact one is tempted to pronounce this the greatest "institution" of the place. I, for one, have tested its adhesive qualities to my heart's content. Suffering from the effects of illness during a part of my stay, and rather weak in the limbs, I really did not know on some occasions which would have the mastery. It sticks with wonderful tenacity — takes you deep down and holds you fast.

I was often reminded of the anecdote told of a soldier on the Potomac. He was stuck in the mud — so the story goes — nearly up to his waist, and seeing Gen. Burnside and staff ride by, quoting words of the General addressed to the army on the morning before, he took off his hat, made a low bow, and very politely said, "General, the auspicious moment has arrived." I thought



I had seen mud before, on the Western prairies, but I confess myself mistaken. If there is any bottom to the Cairo tub, it is very hard to find, in some places.

The town is also noted, as being a wonderful place for rats. Really, it is difficult to tell which have the best or the oldest claim, the rats or the people. They seem to pre-occupy every place built for human beings to inhabit. They are everywhere, in the garret and in the basement; and in many instances, to show the priority of their claim, they work their way into the parlor, among the rosewood furniture and the Brussels carpets, leaving unmistakable signs of their visit. Solon Robinson of the New York *Tribune*, testifies that this species of the genus "Mus" is an almost intolerable nuisance in some portions of the United States; they certainly are so in Cairo. If we were to judge of the age of these fellows from their size, we should infer that they began to exist in no very remote period from the American Revolution. On the whole, we should prefer to dwell in Cairo as a probationer, rather than as a permanent resident.

The society of the place embraces some good citizens, with many of whom it was our pleasure

to associate. Yet there is a floating element, brought in partly by the peculiarities of the location, which must curse any community. In such a state of things wholesome laws, rigidly enforced, are a paramount necessity. How much such a power must do in promoting the aims of good society, and how essential good society itself is to either protection or enjoyment, one learns very soon in communities or in sections of country where the social system has by any cause been thrown out of gear. Intelligence, refinement, morality and religion will make any people happy, provided the bulwarks of law, like the levees about Cairo, stand to guard them against the floods of wickedness that threaten to break in and ruin all.

Will the time ever come when peace and order shall be restored to those sections of the country where the war has brought such a complete upturning of all the foundations? Will it ever come when North and South shall be one people again, united as they never before have been in one great brotherhood? Pray, dear reader, that God will hasten it in his time. Pray for the return of peace and the prosperity of our nation.

Six months sped away rapidly, notwithstanding the little annoyances and discomforts of which I have spoken. On the whole, my stay at Cairo was not so unpleasant as I had anticipated it might be. The work in hand was both interesting and laborious; interesting, on account of its inviting character and encouraging results. The negro race are not beyond improvement; on the contrary, they are peculiarly susceptible of it. They are wonderfully imitative beings, with a docility and impressibility entirely their own. They learn and learn fast. But one thing is remarkable; they have never learned the habit of *swearing*. During seven months' labor amongst them, I have not heard to exceed ten colored men swear. Does not this speak well for the black man? It was quite a relief to leave the army, where there was so much obscenity and shocking profanity, and enjoy a little quiet where our ears were not constantly saluted with such unpleasant sounds.

To show the facility with which the colored race acquire knowledge, I will furnish a few items, as connected with the Freedman's School, which has been in progress for eleven weeks,

only. The school opened Dec. 22d, 1862, with sixty scholars, and closed April 1st, with one hundred and twenty. There were twenty who learned the entire alphabet the first day; of this number not one had ever been taught before. The whole number who have received instruction is four hundred. The following books were furnished by friends at the North: Primary Lessons, 350, First Eclectic Readers, 12, Elementary Spelling Books, 125, Testaments, 25, Bibles, 6. Three hundred and sixty have learned the alphabet; 340 to spell in three letters; 60 in two syllables; 40 in three syllables; 25 in four or more syllables; 60 to read in easy sentences; 10 have read the First Eclectic Reader through; 30 have commenced in the First Reading Lessons; 25 have commenced reading in the New Testament. A great portion of the school repeat the Lord's Prayer and answer Scripture Questions.

Although some learn faster than others, yet all show that they are susceptible of instruction, and of mental improvement. I believe that their capacities for education are equal to those of white children, and their thirst for learning rather greater. The improvement of my "Contraband" charge, in other particulars, is deserv-

ing of special mention. As they are easy to imitate, they endeavor to equal, and many of them to excel the whites in their dress. Their persons are also kept more cleanly. The idea, too, that the negro will not work voluntarily, even when paid for his labor has been entirely exploded by the industry of the "Contrabands," while their shrewdness in many things shows that they are fully able to take care of themselves. Some who have removed to the North and are providing for themselves, have purchased homes and manifest singular industry and economy.

Educate the negro, permit him to rise in the scale of being and assert his own personality, and he is a man. At present he is degraded, and why should he not be? He is not himself. He has never been permitted to assert his own manhood. He is forbidden to enjoy those rights which are claimed as so inalienable by the white race. These are the causes of his depressed condition. But is he any lower than the serfs of Russia? It is impossible to exceed their degradation. Is he lower than the poor whites of the South? It is remarked by all that the negro is in every respect their superior. His relations to his mas-



ter, perhaps, may be one cause of this. As to the conscientious loyalty of the negroes of the South there can be no question. They have communicated to our soldiers a vast amount of information, revealing plans of the enemy which have been matured and talked over in their hearing. The information they have given, in all respects, has been found intelligent and reliable.

The attachment and fidelity of this people to those whom they regard as benefactors, are wonderful. Nothing is too much to render as a service in return for kindness. If they ever caught sight of me sweeping out my office or blacking my boots, they would at once offer their services and seemed hurt if refused. Many a boorish, selfish, blaspheming white man might learn from the negro he despises how to be a gentleman.

The negro is remarkably open to religious influences. And he loves his religion, with his whole heart and soul. All he has in the world, often, is his religion. With nothing in the present, nothing earthly, that he can call his own, he looks with the more of intense faith and desire to the "durable riches" of heaven. The conviction, too, that *there* the distinctions which separate them *here* into a despised and oppressed

class will be done away forever, is often alluded to by them as a peculiarly joyful hope.

An interesting revival of religion has existed in camp since our first connection with it. The interest manifested by the Christians amongst them for the conversion of others, appeared to be as real as we ever felt, or witnessed, and the deep agony of soul seemed to prey equally upon their spirits. The conversions appeared real and genuine, and I have no doubt that many are most earnest and devoted Christians who will shine in heaven. I have have been astonished, often, at the deep penitence manifested by those convicted; as they went about for days in a mournful state of mind, with their heads bowed down and groaning out the piteous complaint, "O that I knew where I might find him!" And when they obtain peace in believing, it appears as real as any I have ever known.

The writer has often received letters from those who have taken Contrabands from his camp, and in numerous instances most gratifying testimony to their piety is given. One lady writes, a little enthusiastically, that hers have more religion in exercise than all the town besides. Persons go a great distance to hear them talk and pray.

And yet, while all these things encourage, there are others which have an opposite effect. The blacks have vices, undeniably, especially such as are the legitimate fruit of slavery; created and fostered by it. Habits of falsehood, theft and sensuality are quite too common, and it will take time and patience to overcome them. There may be but faint hope that the present generation will be materially changed, in this respect. Future ones, however, may be expected to possess a new character. In the camps, besides, it is not alone the negroes who create perplexity and difficulty in the respects alluded to. The writer has had more trouble with white men, than with the negroes. And it must be admitted that for the colored people to wallow in the sty of sensuality is no worse than for those who ought, in consistence with their more ostentatious pretensions, at least, to set a better example.

There is one thing truly remarkable in these poor people;—that one never hears them speak reproachfully of their late masters, however cruel they may have been to them. While they state the facts as they exist, with reference to the oppressive treatment they have suffered, they exhibit no malevolent feelings. Almost univer-

sally, they remember their masters in their prayers; herein exhibiting the blessed spirit of the Gospel which requires that we love our enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use us.

The question is often asked, "Will the blacks fight?" The only guard I have had about my camp, in Cairo, was made up of colored men; and they were as bold and faithful as any I ever saw. They never leave a post till told to do so. In my humble opinion, they have the very best soldierly qualities. As an illustration: Some marines were found within our lines at a late hour of night violating the persons of females. The guards, according to my orders, arrested them. While on their way to the guard-house, one of the three troublesome fellows stopped and refused to go farther, when an altercation occurred. One of the guard, finally, seeing that this was the only alternative, raised his gun and shot him through the heart. I have asked many if they wished to fight to save their country, and the response is always "Yes, Sah!" They lack neither courage nor loyalty, and late events of the war have shown that for all the purposes of military service they are inferior to none.

There must be patience, forbearance and benevolence in dealing with this poor people. The difficult problem of our relations to them can only be solved on principles of Christian charity, and in a broad view of humanity in its capabilities and rights. There is a basis of independence and improvement for every race of man. No one of all these races has been doomed to perpetual servitude either by divine decree, or by natural necessity. Allowing that certain distinctions must continue to prevail, and that races and classes must alike stand on higher or lower ground according to their capacities and habits, yet essential freedom and essential equality are the right of all. It is at least certain that to renew in other forms, among the freedmen, those very abuses which characterize slavery is no way to elevate and improve the blacks. For this reason we must all the more regret the too common customs of both officers and soldiers in the army towards these poor creatures. What hope can there be of substantial reformation, when what is done by those laboring directly for their good is undone again, and worse, by those who ought to act differently? Instead of being their protect-



ors, their saviors, they are their destroyers, whom God will bring to account in the Great Day.

I have spoken of the docility and natural gentleness of the black race. A passage in a late speech by Gerrit Smith is very much to the point on that subject. He says:

“They are called the most patient and forgiving of all the races. They will certainly prove that they are, if they can forget that monstrous and meanest crime of letting the thousands who toiled on the Vicksburg cut-off, fall again into the hands of the vindictive slave-holders; and if they can also forget the innumerable instances in which slaves coming into our lines, some with very valuable news of the designs and movements of the enemy, and all with hearts and hands to help us, have with satanic malignity been returned to the fate from which they had fled; and if, in a word, they can forget our persistent ridicule, loathing and murderous hate of a people who have not done one wrong in return for the mountains of wrong under which we have buried them.”

Amidst the self-denial of my work amongst the “Contrabands,” there was the satisfaction of knowing that it was in my power to make some atonement for the injustice that pursues this un-

happy people, in all the changes of their history, and which is scarcely less enormous in the North than in the South.

But the time at last came when I must bid my charge adieu, perhaps forever. The abundant expressions of sorrow at the leave-taking satisfied me that my course with them had at least won their confidence and affection. And it was a reciprocal sorrow. One cannot but form strong attachments to those for whom, night and day, heart, brain and hands have toiled. Many of them I hope to meet far beyond the scenes of strife and blood, in our Father's house on high.

## CHAPTER XI.

### INCIDENTS AND LESSONS.

Evidences of Human Depravity — The chief Army Vices, Profanity and Sabbath-breaking — Judgments of God on the Profane — Officers Largely Responsible — The Swearing Surgeon — Sabbath Desecration — Often Unnecessary — President Lincoln's General Order — Col. Alban — Gen. Fisk — Thomas Shaw — Encouragements.

EVIDENCES of human depravity are seen everywhere, yet in some places more than in others. I have often thought that if those who deny the Christian doctrine on this subject could visit the army, they would be compelled to yield the point; especially if they were to mix freely with soldiers for any considerable length of time. There are many things in war and in army life to foster the worst human passions, to develop the brute and repress the man. The result, as seen among even the soldiers of the Union, is sad to contemplate. When I think of all I have witnessed I cannot wonder at the protracted charac-

ter of the war, or the disasters that have marked its course. How can we hope that a righteous God will bless our arms, even in a righteous cause, while his name and his institutions and his laws are so frequently set at nought by both officers and men? Were it not that, as I have shown and shall still have further occasion to illustrate, there is in the army, as also in the nation, the "ten righteous" for whose sake God will spare us, I should expect that America and its Republic will end like Israel and Babylon and Idumea.

If we say nothing of our national sin of oppression, holding an entire race in bondage, there are in the army, as among the people at large, two prevalent vices which God cannot but regard with displeasure: *profanity* and *Sabbath-breaking*. I am pained to say what I must on this subject. Profanity is one of the worst evils in the army; almost all soldiers being not only addicted to it, but practicing it in the worst form I have ever heard. Even the lads are taught to profane God's name with hardihood. Among teamsters this wickedness is almost universal. They seem to think they have special excuses for their profanity; the stubbornness and ungovernableness of mules, the breaking now and then of

a tongue to the wagon, or occasional upsetting in the mud where to reload is almost impossible. On such occasions their blasphemy is sometimes awful. I have heard wicked men among the soldiers, shocked by the profanity of teamsters, declare that they would never swear again. Examples have occurred, besides, of the just judgment of God upon this great sin.

One morning, while on my customary round at one of the hospitals, I found a dear young man who had been sick several days, clinging to life with wonderful tenacity, now in the agonies of death. A soldier standing near by was heard to curse and swear. Contrary to my usual habit, I reproved him sharply, saying to him that it was the strangest exhibition of depravity I had ever seen. That a man could swear thus at the bedside of a dying fellow-creature was, I told him, most amazing; that it debased a man even below brutality. He made some reply, that he lived in a free country where the rights of free speech were allowed, and passed on. The following morning, as I was on my way to the hospital as usual, I learned that a soldier had just been found dead in his tent. I stepped in, and to my surprise found it was the man who on the day pre-



vious was cursing, under such awful circumstances, the Being who made him. Never did I so feel the justice and the power of the ever-present God.

An instance is also before me, one it is to be feared out of multitudes, of soldiers cut off suddenly in the midst of sin: "Alexander M—— was a child of many prayers, and an only son. Often had he been warned by both father and mother to turn to the Lord, but he heeded it not. Many a time has his father said in the prayer-meeting, 'O, brethren, pray for my only son. He is very wicked, and heeds not my advice, or my prayers.' Shortly before this war he married and for a time attended to his business; then he followed bad companions again, grieving her whom he had made his wife. In June '61 he enlisted and bade his wife and babe a last farewell. His aged mother wept bitterly, and committed him to God. In a skirmish with the rebels on the Kanawha river, he was shot in the hand, arm and side. The latter wound caused him to fall. He had fought with great bravery. He was carried off the field and his wounds were dressed, and soon after was placed on board a steamer for Cincinnati. When within a few

miles of home he died. Before he expired he exclaimed, 'O, my wife; my child; my mother! I would like to see them before I die!' This was not granted him. It is feared that he died a stranger to Christ." Surely, surely, men who are thus "in peril every hour" should be prepared to meet God. In no case is heaven-daring sin so fearful as where the account of it may be demanded, as in the case of the soldier, at any moment.

The officers must be held largely responsible for the prevalence of profanity among the men. Instead of availing themselves of the power which the articles of war give them to repress this vice, they, as a rule, allow it to prevail unchecked, and even encourage it by their example. Very frequently, as might be expected, the habit of swearing, in officers, is found associated with other evidences of brutality. An instance of this is furnished me by Rev. James Delany, Chaplain of the 18th Wisconsin, in and subsequently to the terrible Shiloh battle. That regiment became disorganized on the first day of the battle in consequence of its losses. Some of the survivors next day joined other

regiments and fought on until not a rebel could be seen.

“Among these was a young man of nineteen. He was stout, wiry, athletic. Anywhere and everywhere he was a stranger to fear. Being detailed one day, shortly after the battle, to go to the Landing for supplies, he got in among those half-tamed, outlandish animals called *mules*. For some reason or other they became exasperated and fractious. He was so terribly crushed in the *melee* that he died in a few days. If his sufferings corresponded with the heart-rending nature of his screams before death, they must have been fearful. He passed from delirium to delirium, and throughout the whole his cries for his mother were most piteous.

“I then messed with the medical staff, and once at the mess we had some conversation about the poor sufferer. One of the surgeons vociferated that he was a worthless coward (with oaths which I will not repeat,) that the best medicine for him would be a large raw-hide or beach gad to whip him soundly out of his nest to his duty. It took, however, but a short time to end his earthly sufferings and the surgeon's questionable conduct towards him. The assistant surgeon,

after the poor fellow's death, a man of somewhat more humanity, found an opportunity to perform a *post mortem* examination, in which he discovered a rupture of the gall bladder so terrible that the vitality of ten men would have failed under it.

"Other instances might be cited" the same excellent brother adds, "in the conduct of officers towards their inferiors, flagrantly opposed, not only to the dictates of common humanity, but to every written article and regulation of the service. Men had to hear it said that they might die and be d—d, but they should not be discharged; when it amounted to almost a certainty that their lives would have been saved by being discharged."

Another great evil in the army is Sabbath desecration, which exists to an alarming extent. The question often arises, why is it so? Have all these men been accustomed at home thus to disregard God's holy day? Or have they laid off the restraint once felt, imagining that as soldiers they may do what, as citizens, they would disapprove like others? Some of them no doubt were taught, and were habituated, at home, to reverence the Sabbath. The temptations and the evil

associates surrounding them have wrought the melancholy change. Others are in the army what they have always been.

Here, again, those in official stations must be held in a large degree responsible. When the men are required to do unnecessary duty on the Sabbath, and find that the service makes no distinction of days, and no acknowledgement of God or his law, it is not wonderful that they should think recreations no worse than what they are compelled to do. Occasions will arise when Sabbath observance, in an army, is out of the question. Yet is there "a military necessity" for the Paymasters to appropriate this day for the paying off of the soldiers? Is it absolutely necessary that the men should be paid on the Sabbath? Would they suffer or the service suffer, if this ceremony was performed on Saturday or deferred until Monday? If they are paid off on the Sabbath letters must at once be written, the Express Offices be visited and the money deposited, to be sent to friends. Why could not all this be just as well done on another day, and thus leave the Sabbath, save in so far as military duty had positive demands, to employment more becoming holy time?



And again, is it necessary that we should have our splendid reviews on the Sabbath? On some other day of the week it may be well for such parades to occur. They show to our army its strength and excite military emulation. But why so almost universally on the Sabbath? I cannot but think this a sacrilegious violation of divine law for which we are held accountable.

Facts such as I have indicated are very gloomy and depressing in their suggestions. I speak of them that public attention may be directed to the need of reform in these particulars, and that praying people, especially, may see what occasion there is for us as a nation to humble ourselves before God. There is, however, a brighter side. Occasional incidents show that there are men in official stations who feel their responsibilities. Our present Chief Magistrate has shown much of the spirit of Washington, in this regard; his proclamations often recognizing God and divine institutions in terms most becoming, and with injunctions that would remedy the evils spoken of if they were properly attended to. In one of these proclamations, issued in November, 1862, he says: "The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest; the sacred

rights of Christian soldiers and sailors; a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the divine will demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High. At this time of public distress, adopting the words of Washington in 1776, 'Men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality.' The first general order issued by the Father of his Country, after the Declaration of Independence, indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded, and should ever be defended: 'The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and privileges of his country.'"

There are officers in the army who enter heartily and practically into the spirit of the above noble words. Such a man was Col. Alban, of the 18th Wisconsin, who fell at Shiloh at the very outset of a career that promised the best things.

The chaplain of his regiment says of him: "He had been a lawyer by profession, and had served in the Wisconsin Legislature. He was not a church member; but I have understood that he once adopted Presbyterian views of doctrine and church government, and was immersed on a profession of the Christian faith. He was a man of pleasing address, much affability and suavity of manner. He treated me with the greatest deference. His disapprobation of irreligious conduct, and especially of irreverence in regard to the name and cause of God was firm, unqualified, and yet very courteous.

"The day before our arrival at Pittsburgh Landing, he issued several regimental orders, and among them was one forbidding gambling of every description. He told me his next step would be to suppress profanity. He wished his regiment to bear a reputation not only for patriotism, bravery and military fortitude, but for a high order of moral character. This was very encouraging to me; but, alas, it was only of short duration. On the afternoon of the 30th of March, 1861, he was with his regiment on board the train between Milwaukee and Chicago, destined, as was thought, for Benton Barracks, St.

Louis. On the 6th of April, precisely a week from that time, he was mortally wounded on the bloody field of Shiloh.

“He was shot about three in the afternoon. The ball that struck him was one of the largest sized minies. As soon as practicable he was carried to the Landing and placed in the cabin of the *Hiawatha*. I was present, with two or three others. A surgeon, a stranger to us all, who extracted the ball, took me one side and told me that my Colonel was mortally smitten. He said I had better ask him if he had any directions to leave for his family. I addressed him accordingly. He received the surgeon’s opinion and suggestions with serene composure. With the utmost firmness and fortitude he gave such instructions as he deemed appropriate, respecting his secular affairs. I bent over him with profound solemnity and trembling emotions, and reminding him of the fact that he recognized me only a few days before as a spiritual adviser, I asked him what I should say to him in this trying hour.

“Said he, ‘Chaplain, do your duty.’

“I then presented to him to the Lamb of God, when he said that was the ground, the only





"CHAPLAIN, DO YOUR DUTY."





ground of the hope he cherished. He died at Savanna about eleven o'clock on the evening of the 7th. April.

“Thus fell, at the head of his regiment, a man of lofty patriotism and indomitable bravery; an irreparable loss to the noble body of men he commanded; an irretrievable loss to his family, and no trifling loss to the country at large — another victim of a diabolical rebellion and war.”

In further illustration of the fact that among army officers, some of them in high command, faithful, working Christians are found, I am permitted by B. F. Jacobs Esq., Secretary of the Army Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Chicago, to copy here a letter to him from Gen. Clinton B. Fisk. Gen. Fisk, at the time of writing, was in command of the Second Brigade, Thirteenth Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps, and his letter is dated “Tallahatchie River, Miss., near Fort Pemberton, March 28th, 1863.” I take such portions as will interest the public:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

I am glad to be remembered by my Chicago friends when they gather at the mercy-seat. O, how much we need to be borne up on the pinions of the prayers of a Christian people! How the tide of iniquity *surges* through our camps, and submerges the faltering, cowardly “soldier

of the Cross"! I am doing all I can to keep my men mindful that their *first* allegiance is to King Emanuel, their *first* duty to the banner of the Cross. We need, in the army, all the influence and power for good that can be given us by our Christian friends at home. Pray for us; write the soldiers letters; appeal to them by their love of home and mother, wife and sister, God and heaven, to abstain from *every evil thing*.

Whenever circumstances and surroundings permit, I have a brigade meeting on Sabbaths. I usually conduct them myself, and I assure you I have been greatly blessed of God in these meetings. Some of the best prayer-meetings I have ever attended have been among my soldiers in camp.

A few evenings since we gathered on the decks of our steamboats, as we were "tied up" in the wilderness on our passage down. It was perfectly grand to hear the voices of the singers, as the notes of their sacred song echoed through the woods and canebrakes. Never before had there been such a meeting on the Tallahatchie as was that. From one party you could hear,

"Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God."

Another sung,

"Sure I *must* fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord."

And again,

"Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "Home, sweet Home," "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." An old slave, from whose trembling limbs the shackles fell *that night*, declared "'Fore God, massa, I thought the day of judgment had come sure and sartain."

God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

CLINTON B. FISK, Brig. Gen'l Vol.

One of Gen. Fisk's methods for influencing his men is seen in a card that now lies before me. On one side is the following:

*Fellow Soldiers:* The novelty of Camp life you've felt; the excitement of parade music and the equipage of military you understand; possibly somewhat of honor and title rests upon you.

Does this satisfy the immortal part? does it feed the soul?

Do you not, above all things, need to know Christ and his love?

On the other side the following:

"Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."—Psa. 51: 10, 11.

CLINTON B. FISK.

Very useful men are found, also, in the rank and file; humble, but faithful, "poor, yet making many rich." A correspondent says: "One of the most pious and devoted Christians from Ohio was Thomas Shaw, a Baptist. He enlisted in the beginning of the war. He was, at the time, a poor young man, an orphan, and in order to get his education at a school in Lebanon took the place of janitor and sawed wood in his leisure hours. He was greatly beloved for his simple, fervent piety. He was a devoted and faithful Sunday school teacher. His class loved him; he longed to become a preacher of the Gospel. The night before he left Lebanon, he took his

wood-saw to a church member and desired him to sell it and give the proceeds to Foreign Missions. He gave his all! His influence in the regiment was most blessed. He had more spiritual power over the men than almost any chaplain; held prayer-meetings and exhorted his fellow-soldiers to come to Jesus and follow him. His labors were greatly blessed. He was drowned in the Kanawaha, West Virginia. His death was deeply regretted." Thus it will be seen that among both officers and men there is the savor of the true Christian salt. The fact may encourage those who appreciate the importance, in every view, of such an influence, and who have mourned over the ungodliness that too much prevails in the patriot army.



## CHAPTER XII.

### SOUTH AND NORTH.

A "Smart Town" — A Female Rebel — The "Butternut" Gentry — Southern Refinement — Antagonisms — Bitterness of the War — When will it End? — The Better Policy — Anxious Friends — Chaplains — Letter from a Lady — We shall Conquer — Conclusion.

JACKSON, Tenn., may be taken as a specimen of a "right smart" Southern town. It is on the Ohio and Mobile Railroad, and at the junction with this of the Mississippi Railroad, leading to Grand Junction and Memphis. Situated in a healthy and fertile part of the state it is, in many respects, a delightful place. Its inhabitants are mostly wealthy, made so by the product of cotton, which is raised there in abundance. Wealth being the hand-maid of Aristocracy in the South, the people of Jackson have, of course, very decided aristocratic tendencies, as haughty as they are opulent. It is a town of about twelve hun-

dred white population. Considerable attention seems to be paid to education, as there is a flourishing Female Academy in the village. The edifice is of brick. At the outbreak of this war a flourishing school was in operation there. It is hardly necessary to say that the people are as disloyal as they are rich and purse-proud.

Of this latter fact the writer encountered an illustration far from pleasing. One day, while passing down the principal street of the village, a woman was noticed approaching, fashionably dressed and with all the airs of a fine lady. As she drew near she stepped from the side-walk into the street, and held her delicate hand to her nose until the offensive "Yankee" had passed by. I had heard of similar demonstrations in other parts of the South, but this was my own first, and only, experience of the kind. The incident was amusing and yet provoking. The side-walk was ample for both. She was quite welcome to even that liberal measure of it which her fashionable outfit of course made necessary. Her excess of politeness in surrendering the whole was like that "vaulting ambition" of some men which "o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other side." There was no room for doubt as to the

light in which she at least *tried* to regard "Yankees."

It is, of course, fair to suppose that the "butternut gentry" of her own "sunny South" would have been esteemed every way preferable for street associations, at least. My Northern friends have some of them seen specimens, and can judge for themselves of their personal attractions. I can testify, however, that not only the Southern army, but the mass of the Southern population is made up of the same ignorant, seedy, tobacco-chewing, blaspheming sort, badly troubled with what Gen. Riley calls "the outs at the toes," and "outs" at the elbows as well; lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing fellows, the easy dupes of their Southern demagogues, and scarcely even fit food for Northern powder.

One interesting young hopeful-of this class said to me one day, "Dad has promised that when I become twenty-one, I shall have a horse-rake. The Yankee boys say that they rake twenty acres a day. I dont know how in the world it is made. Who studied that ar' thing up?"

I told him we had so many such things that were superior, that we thought very little of

*horse-rakes*. What has long been a very commonplace thing among inventions, with us, was to him a species of miracle.

My lady-friend in Jackson, however, can hardly be said to represent the sentiments of all Southern damsels with regard to the Yankee boys. One of them, for example, declared to her mother, "I dont care a — (I omit the coarse and profane expression,) they *du* look right smart. They must have a right smart chance of *larning*." There is no doubt that a well-dressed Yankee boy has attractions for the Tennessee young ladies.

Now that I am on the subject of Southern peculiarities, I may as well allude to a practice which, described by others, has also fallen frequently under my own observation. The "Female-Dippers" of the South are likely to become famous in their way; — not less so than the "Clay-Eaters" so graphically daguerreotyped by Edmund Kirke in "Among the Pines." The "ladies" of the South seldom practice dipping openly, but the poorer classes among the whites are habitually, and almost universally, addicted to it. The first time the writer saw it, he experienced some curious sensations. The person was a colored woman, who took from her pocket

a box into which she dipped a stick. Then rubbing this on her teeth, she held it in her mouth for some time. I asked what she called that. She said "Dipping." I asked her what she dipped her stick into. She said, "Snuff."

The way is to take a box, or bottle, of snuff, and then take a stick and chew the end of it, making a kind of brush. With this they rub the teeth, having first applied it to the snuff. One can imagine how much such a practice adds to the native female charms. At the time I supposed that the custom was limited to the negro women; but I was soon informed that it is general among the females of the South, without distinction of color. Nor is it confined to the poorer classes, as I have since ascertained. Many who are called "ladies" indulge in the same habit, though more privately.

It has been customary, I believe, to regard the Southern States as in advance of the Northern, in point of general refinement. The wealthy and aristocratic planter has often been contrasted with the New England farmer much to the disadvantage of the latter. If it be superior refinement to hold labor in contempt, then we must yield the palm to our "Southern brethren." If a



man is a gentleman in proportion as he is idle and dissolute, and a woman a lady in the measure of her frivolity and extravagance, then the gentlemen and ladies of this continent must be sought for in the Southern States. After admitting, which I do most freely, that there are in the South numerous most noble specimens of manhood and womanhood, I must still maintain that the species of refinement which slavery tends to produce is such as I have described. And I may add that this sort of Southern refinement is very largely found amongst the secessionists.

The desire I once felt to become, myself, a resident South, has been much moderated by my experiences and observations there. I am quite contented, now at least, with the New England and Western type of social culture. Nor does the broad distinction of classes in the South help the difficulty. *Caste* is a benefit neither to those whom it favors, nor those whom it oppresses. In the one it nurtures pride and every unlovely passion, the other it degrades into a cringing serf when in the presence of his superior, into a cruel tyrant whenever he has opportunity to be, himself, in some contemptible way, "lord of the ascendant."

Perhaps it was unavoidable that between two sections of the same country so intensely contrasted as the South and the North, a collision should occur. "How can two walk together except they agree?" and when did people so utterly *disagree* as have the Southerner and Northerner during the generation just past? I allude, of course, to the characteristic class in each section; not to "the Northern man with Southern principles," nor to the Southern man whose nobility of nature has protected him against the evil of his surroundings; but to the characteristic Southerner and Northerner. For these two to live in peace even within such a wide domain as that of the American Union, was out of the question, especially while the "peculiar institutions" of each were all the while fostering and intensifying the differences.

And now that the collision has come, when and how will it cease? When will the war end? This is a question in which every one who reads these pages, probably, feels an interest more or less profound. With many it is an interest deeply mournful. In the language of the eloquent Dan. S. Dickinson, "How many brave spirits have been quenched forever, because of this

shameful, sinful division, by reason of this miserable political ambition to raise up a successful party at home, to gain office and spoils.

‘There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there.  
There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.  
The air is full of farewells to the dying  
And mourning for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.’”

The question we have asked becomes more difficult, when we take into account what has above been said of the numerous and bitter antagonisms that enter into all the issues of this war. It is much like a war of races, where the ostensible questions involved are complicated with differences and dislikes, prejudices and hates, that are the growth of generations, or centuries. The pride of section, too, makes the struggle more desperate. To which must be added, on the part of the Southern leaders, a custom of underrating Northern men, and a habit of domineering that was largely cultivated in the halls of the national Congress. An easy, or speedy subduing of the Rebellion ought not to have been anticipated by any one at the outset. Nor must we look, even now, for its suppression without

more desperate efforts on the part of its leaders to keep it alive and resist the advancing armies of the Union. How long, and diligently, and shrewdly, the war was prepared for by them is now well known. They will doubtless continue to prosecute it while treason has a leg to stand on.

The changes that have recently been made in the management of the war, however, afford to the country a most hopeful augury. There is every reason to believe that progress in subduing the Rebellion will be much more rapid hereafter than it has been heretofore. While we were never so strong and they never so weak as at this moment, the war measures of the Government have now the nerve which they lacked during the first weary, dismal months of the struggle; and the leaders of our armies, at least those in high position, are now men in whose military energy, as well as their patriotism, deserved confidence is expressed. It was well remarked, at the time when the effects of an opposite policy were so bitterly felt, "Expostulation, the whole sugar-plum policy, have thus far done as well as they would with a volcano, or a mad tiger; and they will continue to do so. *War* must subdue these barbarous, ignorant rebels; military war—not

rosewater war; war that advances, fights, conquers, prevails." With equal truth it has been said that, "delay is a thousand-fold murder. It is constant agony to wait for advances under such circumstances. Every minute is a life flown wastefully away." How fearfully was this proved in that most inglorious Peninsular campaign, when a "Young Napoleon," at the head of the finest army any General ever commanded, "marched up the hill and then — marched down again;"—in the operation sacrificing thousands of precious lives and filling thousands of Northern homes with grief that could not be comforted.

Mr. Browning, the Illinois Senator, has well said: "Timid measures are treason now. It is bold, active, decided men, men with nerve enough to neglect precedent and all the past, and with resolute hand reach forth to grasp the future, that we want in the President's chair, in the National Councils, and for Generals in the field. This is no time for Conservatives, men who have no eyes save in the backs of their heads." This is what the people have asked for from the first. They have always been in advance of their rulers and leaders in respect to a vigorous war policy. Thank Heaven! they have it at last.



And herein, under God, lies all our hope of a speedy decision of this tremendous struggle. But it is an essential feature of such a policy that rebellion be struck at in all its vital points, and weakened most where it is strongest. Whatever it be which most feeds and fosters rebellion it must be taken without hesitation; if property in slaves, confiscate it; let there be none left to sow or to harvest the crops that support the army of treason, or to perform fatigue work within their lines. Take their slaves, and the right arm of their strength is smitten. Every slave taken is a soldier lost to them; and one better than any ordinary Southern soldier for the kind of fatigue duty alluded to. Take their slaves, besides, and each Southern household would at once and clamorously demand that some one, at least, of its present representatives in the rebel army be sent home to look after the wants and safety of the family. Then our army must forage on the country. There is nothing for it but to make the South what it avowedly is, the enemy's land.

How, when rebellion is subdued, the revolted States are to be brought again into their old relations to the Union, whether as States or as Territories, whether by occupancy as a conquered

country, or by calling into use whatever of Union sentiment and strength may still be left, I do not assume to say. I doubt if any man can, or ought, now express on that point any decided opinion. But I do not doubt that when the time comes to meet that question as a practical one, Providence will be found to have prepared our way so that its settlement will prove far less difficult than we now anticipate. Let the loyal people, the Government and the army do their present work. God will take care of all else.

But South and North are now, in one respect, in a new and most affecting relation to each other. No tongue can tell, with what yearning desire thought and fear and hope are now turned toward those Southern regions, by thousands in the loyal States. I cannot close without a few words with reference to these. And yet, it is most interesting to observe how with these anxieties love of country mingles. Many a mother has been heard to exclaim, "If I were a man I would go and fight for my country." As they have laid their sons upon the altar, of sacrifice it may be, they have exclaimed, "Show yourselves to be true and brave. If you are to die for your country, die facing the foe."

Others feel no little solicitude in view of the temptations and evil influences to which their sons are exposed in the army—influences which ruin many a youth and consequently bring sorrow upon many a parent, anxious for their soul's well-being. I have not hesitated to show, in previous pages, how real and how much to be dreaded are these perils. I shall not have written in vain, if what has been said, falling under the eye of some young soldier, shall effectually warn him, or of his Christian friends at home shall stir them up to pray. I shall not then be sorry to have spoken plainly, with whatever reluctance.

I may also, and I trust without egotism, once more assure the Christian people of the North, that they are not so poorly represented as they are sometimes said to be, by those who labor in the army for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. There are good reasons why Chaplains are not more efficient; they accomplish what they do even in the face of great difficulties and discouragements. There is a studied aim on the part of too many officers to dishearten and hinder the Chaplain in his work. And is it then just, or even decent, for these very officers to turn about

and abuse the men whom they have themselves prevented, to the utmost of their power, from doing their duty? I sympathize, most fully, in these words of a correspondent: "Chaplains will go home at the expiration of the war, loved and honored, while their pitiable calumniators will pass into merited oblivion. When the national banner shall proudly wave from ocean to ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, myriads from the rank and file will return to their friends through the instrumentality of these humble Chaplains, more virtuous, more manly, and more worthy of respect and love than when they left; nay, every way superior to those who are ever finding fault with the religious teacher and the patriotic soldier." Let those who feel such anxieties as those I have described in regard to the moral and spiritual prospects of the soldiers remember the Chaplains, have confidence in them, and *pray for them*.

Another class of anxieties relates to the exposure and sufferings of those who have left happy homes for the roughness and danger of army life. Many touching expressions of the watchful, anxious love of the beloved ones left behind have

come under my notice. If I copy one here, it will, I know, meet a response in many hearts :

“REV. MR. ROGERS:

“*Dear Sir,—*

“It is with great regret I inform you of my friend Mrs. S——’s terrible bereavement. She learns by a letter from Capt. M——, of the 18th Regiment, that her excellent husband died of typhoid fever in Montgomery, Ala. The simple fact is all she has heard. She is in great distress of mind and completely stricken with grief. Indeed, my dear Sir, I fear she thinks a merciful Providence has hidden his face from her. Will you please write immediately everything consoling, if, indeed, aught can be said, to bind up her broken heart.

“The only suggestion I have made which at all seems to pacify her sorrow, is the assurance I feel that her thoughtful husband might have left comforting messages with some one for her. Should you see any of the parolled prisoners, please make every possible inquiry. Could she know he was cared for on his sick bed and prepared for the change of worlds, she would bear her burden with comparative cheerfulness. All seems very dark to her now, although we do all a most affectionate interest suggests, as our hearts are filled with sympathy for her. One common bond of anxiety has united us for the last three months, and friendship united by sorrow is the strongest in the world.

“Hoping this may produce a very comforting letter to Mrs. S——, who is much attached to you: and with my kindest wishes for your health and safe return, I am

“Very sincerely your friend

“E. B.”

The intelligent lady who wrote the above was, at the time, passing through deep sorrow, occasioned by a wound which her husband received



at the battle of Shiloh while gallantly leading his men on to victory; a wound which at that time threatened his life, but from which I am happy to say he has recovered and returned to active duty in his regiment.

There are many such sad hearts in the North. God will comfort them. Nor will these sacrifices be in vain. They are the nation's ordeal. Out of this furnace we shall come in due time, and shall confess that it is better to suffer than to sin; better to have paid the price of national union than to have shrunk from the sacrifice and in consequence fallen into dismemberment and the evils that could not fail to ensue. As my last word let me say that I hope well for the nation and for the Union cause. We shall conquer, and resume in due time our career of greatness and of blessing to mankind.

“O, native land! how clear thy mission  
And thy destiny how grand!  
Hold high thy starry banner  
With a firm and loyal hand.  
Be still amongst the nations,  
Where'er men bleed, or toil, or pray,  
Liberty's mailed apostle  
In the stormy latter day.”



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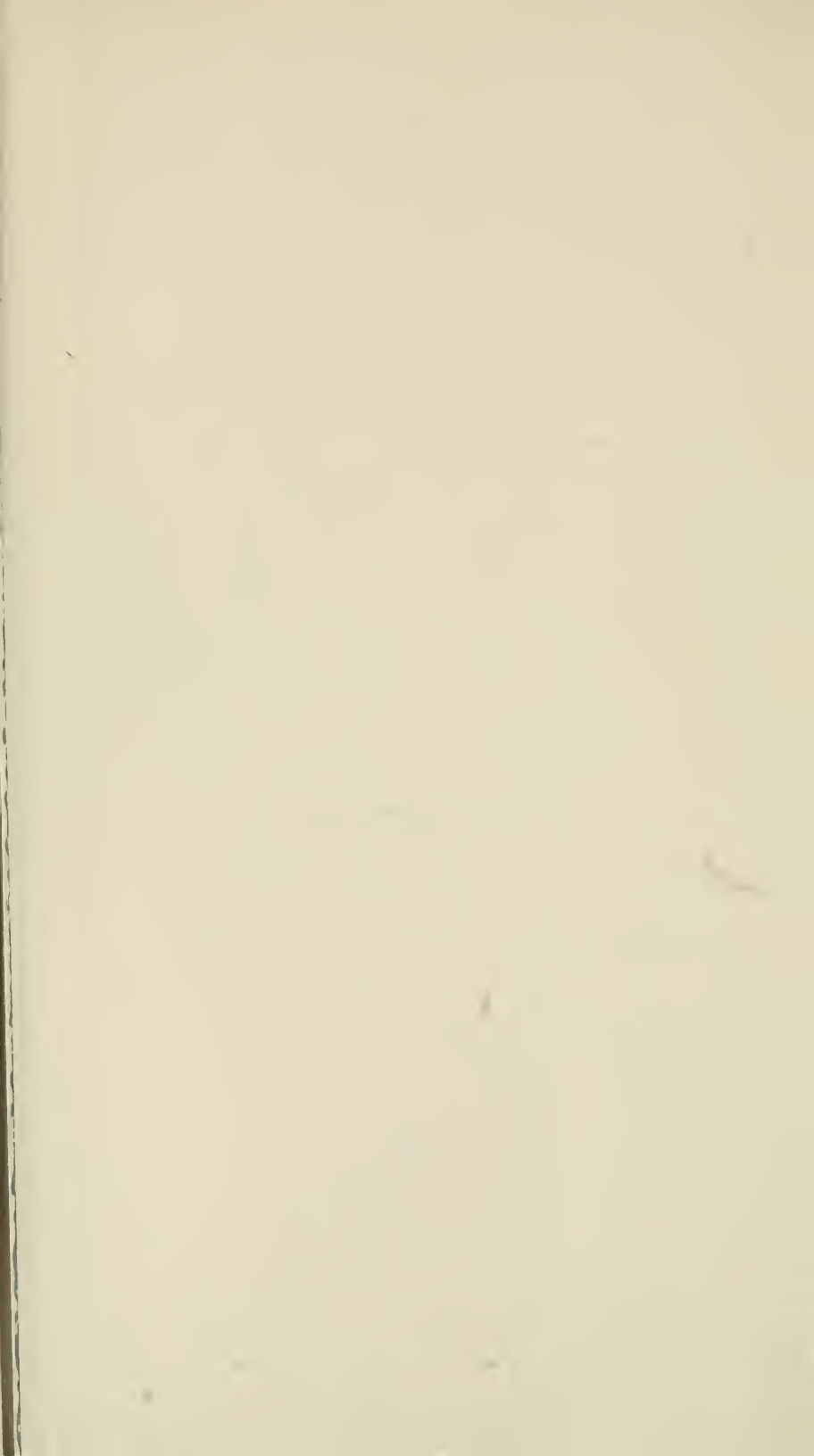
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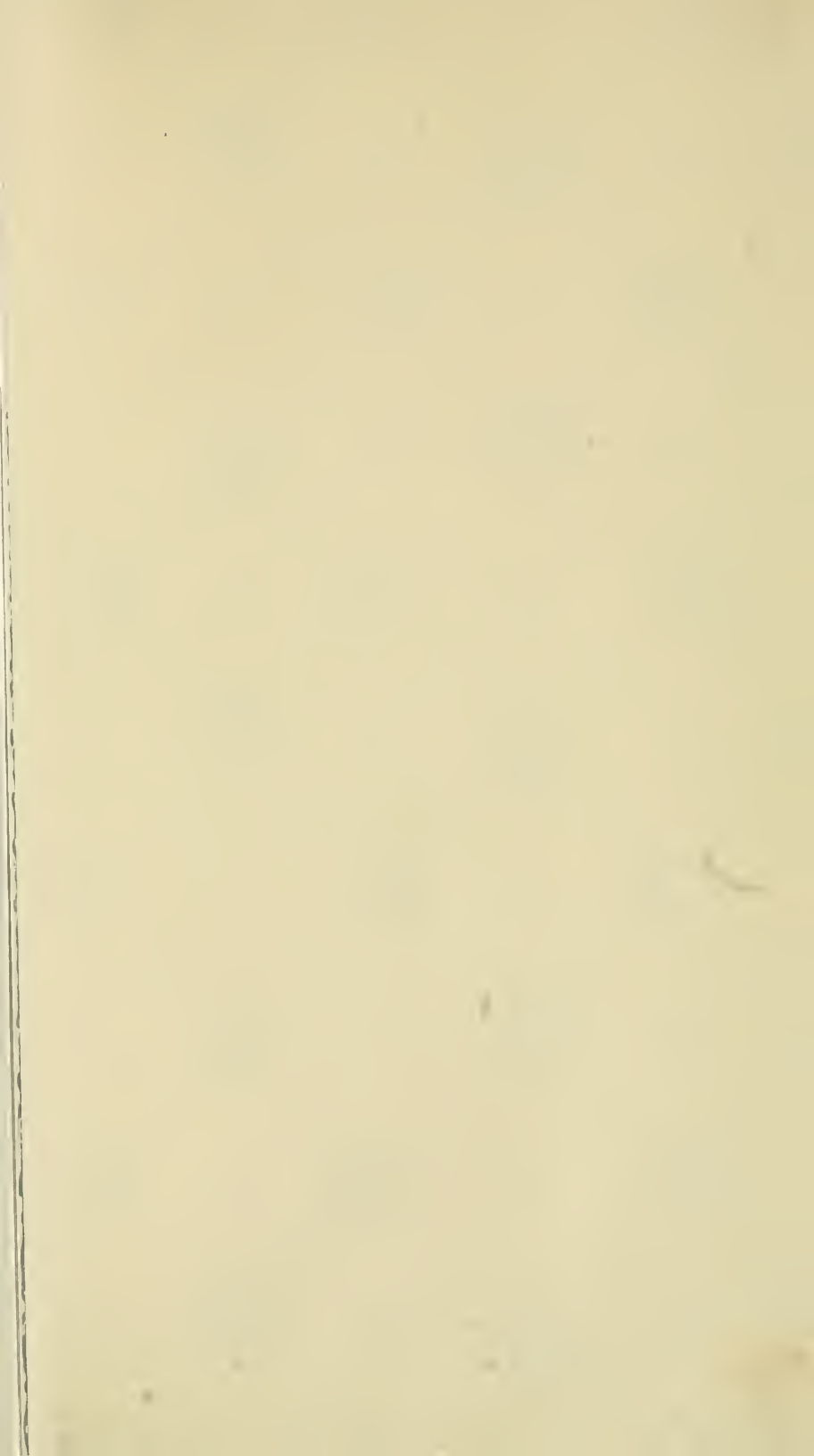
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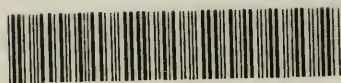








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